

The Brandon Mail.

VOL. 15, NO. 11.

BRANDON, MAN., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1897.

FIVE CENTS.

The Standards

BY WHICH OTHERS ARE JUDGED

Flemings' Bluestone

Flemings' Garden Seeds

Always fresh, pure and true to name.

Send us your orders at once. Ask for one of our New Seed Catalogues.

Flemings' Drug Store.

Brandon Machine Works Co.

Tenth Street, Brandon.

BRASS AND IRON FOUNDERS.

Builders of the McRobie Chemical Fire Engine.

White's Patent Straw Carrier.

Shake stacks for elevators and mills.

Grindlar Saw Frames.

CRUISER ROLLS RE-CUT.

Correspondence Solicited.

HELP WANTED.

Industrious men in every locality (desire) to introduce a new discovery. They are now showing up on the streets of every town and city, and are being everywhere. They are now showing up on the streets of every town and city, and are being everywhere. They are now showing up on the streets of every town and city, and are being everywhere.

WANTED: BRIGHT MEN AND WOMEN: New cases for Canada and Australia. Agents for the life and fire insurance. Introduction to the life and fire insurance. Introduction to the life and fire insurance.

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KNOCKED OUT!

AFTER ALL SAID AND DONE.

Where can you salt away a few dollars better than in your home? If we were going to endow a college, it should be an institution where people could be taught to properly spend their money, where impulsiveness could be restrained, methodical habits created, a proper value put on things substantial; how much of a man's income should go to amusements, to benevolence, to the education of his children—to the comforts of his home. To our minds, the happiest spot this side of the great divide is a happy home. It is all well enough to say a few prices of Furniture; an antiquated Parlor Suite and broken Toilet Set make no difference, that home is just as happy as with modern and pleasing things. Our idea is that life is made up of trifles, and that it is just such things as trifles that make home attractive, comfortable and jolly.

ARE WE WRONG?

HOME MAKES THE MAN.

See our line of New Spring Goods. An Elegant Sideboard for \$8.50.

CAMPBELL & CAMPBELL

Upholstering and Picture Framing.

Telephones: Store 158, House 20.

Undertaking and Embalming.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Brandon Mail:

DEAR SIR: For some weeks past some Douglas correspondent has been making references to me that are untrue and calculated to damage me in business. I have now only to say it is very unsatisfactory to any man to deal with anonymous correspondence, as untruthful blows may be given. I shrink from no honest criticism, however, and if the Douglas correspondent will only write over his name he will find me ready and willing to deal with him to the satisfaction of the public.

Yours respectfully,

F. BOGFIELD.

THE MCCARTHYITES.

The annual meeting of this body was held in this city on Thursday last. There were some 25 members present, all points in the constituency being represented. Vice-Pres. Young took the chair. After the adoption of last minutes and a routine work was gone through with, the following officers were elected: J. Young, Hartney, pres.; C. L. Dodds, Melita, vice-pres.; C. G. Giff, sec.; and S. S. Colter, Virid, treas.

The following resolutions were put and carried:

That we highly approve of the course of our leader on the Manitoba school question thus far, and have ample confidence in him for the future, believing he will not swerve either to the right or to the left until the issue is buried in the dead past, ever taking the precaution to see that no legislation will be given the Roman Catholics that gives them a supremacy over all, or any other section, of the people of this country.

That we deplore the course of some of the leaders of the present Federal government, in conferring with Roman Catholic authorities at Rome. We believe this Manitoba school trouble is purely a Canadian question to be disposed of as the Canadian laws and justice direct, and in no way calls for outside consideration or interference.

Whatever may be the jurisdiction of the Pope of Rome over a section of our people in spiritual matters, he certainly has none in temporal things, and it is more or less a travesty on our national honor for any representative in authority to countenance conferences with him in questions or settlements in such capacity.

SERIOUS MATTER.

Toronto, March 10.—The Bristol and West of England Canadian Land Mortgage company is in serious financial difficulties. President Stayner today admitted that his company was in deep water. "Like many other mortgage holders," said he, "we have been staggering along for some time past, and we are now asking our bondholders for an extension of time. We hold mortgages in Ontario to the value of \$1,200,000. We are handing over our business to the Canada Permanent Loan company, and have borrowed \$50,000 from them to tide us over and enable us to meet our debentures. Business is very bad and we are under the necessity of giving it up."

The company was formed in 1878 with a subscribed capital of \$135,750 and for the first ten years paid good dividends, but for the last three years not a cent has gone into the pockets of English money lenders. It is now proposed to bring about a voluntary liquidation and endeavor to secure an extension of time from the bondholders. If the bondholders insist on a realization of Canadian securities the matter will be a very a serious one for the Canadian farmers and merchants concerned.

Yours truly, R. Lawson.

The Grand Jury's Presentation.

To the Honorable Mr. Justice Dubuc.

May it please your Lordship.—We the grand jury of the Western Judicial District, having completed the duties assigned to us by your Lordship beg leave to submit the following:

We are pleased to be able to congratulate your Lordship and the province on the lightness of the docket, there being only three persons indicted.

We first paid our visit of inspection to the asylum for the insane, which institution we found to be in a very satisfactory condition, the cleanliness and neatness throughout were marked, and the general appearance of the inmates showed how much care and attention they receive. We would however, strongly recommend that a thorough system of ventilation be adopted throughout the whole building as the ventilation at the present time is very unsatisfactory. We found 100 inmates—111 males and 49 females, more than half of whom were brought in from the Northwest Territories.

We next visited the Indian Industrial School and found there 83 pupils—37 boys and 32 girls, ranging in age from 10 to 18 years. We would suggest that the appearance of this establishment would be greatly improved by the planting of trees and shrubs so as to be more in keeping with the Experimental farm adjoining.

We also visited the Brandon General Hospital, in which we found 41 patients—19 males and 22 females. This institution appears to be admirably conducted, with cleanliness, neatness and system everywhere noticeable. The patients are attended to with every possible care and expressed themselves as highly satisfied with their treatment. We visited the Nurses' Home which we found to be very comfortably furnished and homelike. The demands on the institution are rapidly increasing, and although at this period of the year there are usually but few patients, at present the hospital is crowded, and the board of directors have to face the necessity of making considerable additions to the building so as to be able to provide accommodation. A room for convalescent patients is urgently needed, and a separate building to be used for contagious diseases. A sewer to connect with the city drainage should be also built as the spring opens.

We inspected the Court House and Gaol which we found clean and neat and generally in a satisfactory condition, and in which we found 15 prisoners—all males. We would suggest that shrubs and trees be planted around the building and that sewerage connection be made with the city sewers.

We wish particularly to mention our visit to the Brandon Central school which was to us a source of great pleasure; the building and grounds are beautiful and reflect great credit on the city. We think the city is to be congratulated on having the best schools in the province.

In conclusion the grand jury desire to thank your Lordship for the lucid explanation of the cases brought before us, and also to express our appreciation of the courtesy shown to us by the counsel for the crown.

J. HANBURY,

Foreman.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE GENERAL PRESENTMENT OF THE GRAND JURY.

We, the undersigned grand jurors from the rural districts, desire to express our appreciation of the work done in the Brandon General Hospital—every department giving evidence of cleanliness and care.

Our examination of the institution impressed us with the importance of having such an efficient means of taking care of our sick and we feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to the people of Brandon for whose enterprise and energy its existence is due.

We are pleased to know that the directors contemplate improvements and additions during the coming summer, and we feel satisfied that a more intimate knowledge by residents in rural districts of the work being done by those in charge is all that is necessary to secure a hearty response to a call for financial aid from the municipalities.

VERNON YOUNG, Glenwood man. T. J. PENTLAND, Eldon man. W. B. EXCHURCH, Laramie man. J. S. THOMSON, " J. S. ELDER, Wallace man.

SPECIAL REPORT OF GRAND JURY.

To the Honorable Judge Dubuc.—The grand jury beg to call your attention to the case of Thos. Collier, a Barnardo boy, recently convicted of petty larceny.

We considered that this boy had been harshly treated and ask that his case may be looked into.

J. HANBURY,

Foreman.

The following gentlemen composed the Grand Jury—Jno. Hanbury, foreman; J. S. Thompson, T. J. Pentland, Pentland, John Kelly, W. B. Underhill, F. V. Young, E. Evans, Jos. Elder, C. A. Smith, D. H. Watson, Geo. Bowles, H. Meredith, W. Postlewaite, H. James, W. Johnston, J. A. Christie, E. B. Smith.

On account of the demand for the marvelous remedy, "Our Native Healer," I have decided to remain in Brandon, at the Queen's Hotel, till April 1st, and I would say to the sick, you stand in need of a light if you refuse, or neglect to give it a trial. Don't, I beseech you, allow prejudice or skepticism to stand between you and the health I offer you for the small sum of \$1.25. The A. O. Bliss Co., Henry Mitchell, agent.

City Council.

The regular meeting of the council was held in the council chamber city hall on Monday the 15th of March.

Present: the Mayor, Alds. Coldwell, McIlvride, M. McKenzie, Fleming, P. McKenzie, Pilling and Kelly.

The minutes of last regular meeting were read and adopted.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From Chas. Koester re-supplying the council with seasoned wood.

From Mrs. Martha Reynolds asking the council to give her a clear deed on lot No 10, block 12, as she had by mistake built on the same some 15 years ago and until the present time has been unmolested, as she intends to exchange her own lots for the ones now occupied by herself.—Finance committee.

From Stuart Houston on behalf of London clients, sending a petition to the council for the signature of Mayor and Aldermen and a number of citizens signifying their intention of welcoming the Royal Artillery Band to Canada.—Finance com.

NOTIONS.

Coldwell—McIlvride.—That the City Solicitor be instructed to notify Mr. McKenzie to remove wood from the city yard at pumping station and that the same is there at his risk and that the letter of Mr. A. E. McKenzie be filed.—Lost.

Pilling—M. McKenzie.—Amendment.—That Mr. McKenzie's wood account be settled at \$2.75 per cord for 176 cords and the balance at \$3.00 per cord, wood to be measured by engineer and settled in made within 10 days.—Carried.

Fleming—Coldwell.—Amendment.—That Mr. McKenzie be paid \$5.00 per cord for the wood that was delivered from the Snye and that a committee composed of Ald. Coldwell and the Mayor be commissioned to settle with Mr. McKenzie for the balance without prejudice.—Lost.

Kelly.—That the Court of Revision for the City of Brandon for the year 1897 be held at the City Hall on Thursday 22nd April next at the hour of 8 o'clock p.m. and that notice thereof be published in two issues of the local papers prior to the holding of said court.—Carried.

Fleming—Kelly.—That the whole council compose a committee to reconsider the estimates for 1897 with a view to a sweeping reduction in all the possible means and that they report at the next meeting of council.—Carried.

Coldwell—McIlvride.—That the treasurer furnish returns showing amount of property fallen into city from tax sale No 1, amount of unredeemed taxes in tax sales No. 1, 3 and 4, amount of uncollected taxes for 1896, amount of lands bought in by city in tax sales 2, 3 and 4.—Carried.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

Coldwell—Pilling.—That in consideration of the Western Agricultural and Arts Association establishing their grounds upon the old Brandon Agricultural Society grounds and improving the same by new buildings, etc., this council propose to release the mortgage held by the city upon such ground and that the grant of \$500 proposed for current year be applied towards the new association.

W. C. T. U. Notes.

PIDDING WITHOUT WINE SAUCE.

A young man fighting his love for strong drink and who had for some weeks succeeded in controlling his appetite says The Evangel, sat one day at a hotel table with a gentleman and a lady friend, for whom he felt the greatest respect. The waiter said to the gentleman, "Will you have some pudding with wine sauce?" "Yes," was the answer. The young man, craving for strong drink, was aroused at the mention of the wine sauce, and he also was about to reply affirmatively to the waiter's question when his lady friend quickly said, "Pudding without wine sauce, if you please." "Without wine sauce," came the young man's reply.

Afterward in the parlor he said to her, "I want to thank you for doing me a great favor," she looked astonished. "You do not know what it meant to me when you said at the table, 'pudding without wine sauce, if you please.'" He then told her his struggle against strong drink and how near he had come to failing, but was saved by her timely example.

WHY HE QUIT.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to taking his morning glass stepped up to a saloon and going up to the bar called for whiskey. A seely individual stepped up to him and said, "I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?" He was annoyed by the question, and said, "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps." The tramp said, "You need not be so scrupulous my friend, I venture to say I am of just as good a family and have just as good an education and before I took to the drink was as respectable as you are. Take my word, you stick to him and he will bring you just the same as I." The gentleman set down his glass and turned to him; his eyes were red, his clothing filthy. "Then it was drink that made you like this?" "Yes it was and it will do the same for you if you stick to it." Picking up the glass he put the contents on the bar and said, "It is time I quit," and left the saloon never to enter it again.

NEAL DOW, THE FATHER OF TEMPERANCE.

In the days of Neal Dow, it was the fashion to drink, and a common thing

for a barrel of New England rum to be "put on tap" at early dawn and sold out before breakfast. Ministers and deacons drank, and weddings and funerals were not properly managed without "something warming." No Loyal Temperance Legions then; if there had been, no doubt the boy, Neal, would have been foremost, for as he grew older he learned to hate the whole dreadful business of liquor selling and drinking.

The name of one of his grandmothers was "Hate Evil Habit," and perhaps the thought of that name was handed down to him. He did indeed hate evil, and it was the sight of such sorrow and trouble as drink causes that led him to say to a saloon-keeper, "you say you have a license to do this; with God's help I will change all this." And with God's help he did for his own state at least. It is said a gentleman came to his door one day smoking, and was about to enter the house, but Mr. Dow said, "Not with that cigar, if you please. There was never a cigar in my house, and, please God, there never shall be." One beautiful saying of his is well worth placing where you can read it often: "I am but a passenger travelling through the infinite sea of space upon this swift steamer of a world. In its Captain I have all faith. He knows the map, and will make the port."

CHILD INEBRIETY.

"Mamma, why can't I have a glass of wine?" This was the question asked by a bright-eyed four-year-old youngster in one of the restaurants of Chicago not long since. My heart seemed to stand still waiting for what answer the mother would give. The parents were apparently well-to-do, intelligent people, who upon taking a seat for luncheon had ordered beer for the father and wine for the mother. The lady sweetened the wine to suit her taste and placed the glass in front of the child, who sipped several teaspoonfuls, when the father remarked, "That is sufficient. That will give the little man an appetite for his luncheon." But the boy was not satisfied and gave the mother no peace until at least a dozen teaspoonfuls had been taken and when finally he was refused more he asked why he could not have a bottle like papa. By this time the face which had been sweet and rosy when he came in, was flushed and feverish, and the eyes which shone with an innocent brightness when I first looked into them were now dull and heavy. The importance of educating mothers on the dangers and possibility of child inebriety was never more forcibly impressed upon me than by this incident. The thoughtlessness or ignorance of these parents was almost beyond conception, and the conviction that this young mother was sowing seed which would mature into a harvest of debauchery for her son and life-long sorrow for herself made the momentary hour one of feverish dread for the future of the boy, and regret that we seem powerless to reach such a large majority of the women who are and will be mothers of the coming generation.

SNOW BOUND ON THE N. P.

That is what the passengers experienced on the trip from Winnipeg to Brandon, on Monday's regular, Conductor Stewart in command, as given by one of the number.

Nothing unusual occurred until reaching Wawanesa, when we learned that the plow that preceded us had left the track a few miles north of Routhville. We remained Monday night at Wawanesa, rooming in the car not knowing at what minute we might start. Fortunately the company was a jolly lot comprised of some half a dozen ladies and some 40 gentlemen, a number of delegates to supreme lodge of Orange men in session at Brandon, also witnesses and jurymen attendant court, commercial men, doctors and excursionists from Ontario, etc. Mr. Horton, traveller for Dickinson & Co., Toronto, took a lively interest in the comfort of the beleaguered travellers, making himself generally useful at nights with the aid of "Dad," the genial "newsy," who saw that the passengers were comfortable. The company was very considerate in furnishing the passengers with meals. We remained at Wawanesa about 36 hours when another plow came to our relief clearing the track to Routhville, where we remained until Thursday afternoon. The passengers amused themselves with music, cards, checkers, etc., making the best of the situation arriving in Brandon Thursday evening after a very enjoyable delayed trip.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair—1893.

WILCOX'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. From Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 Years the Standard.

SENTENCE COMMUTED

MRS. CAREW NOT TO BE HUNG

But sent to Prison for Life—A Parallel to the Maybrick Case—Both Poisoned Their Husbands.

Now that the death sentence of Mrs. Carew has been commuted to life imprisonment by Sir E. M. Satow, the British minister to Japan, the case is an exact parallel of the more famous Maybrick case of London. In both cases the husband was accustomed to consume large quantities of poison; in both the wife was not suspected until some time after the victim's death; in both the drug used was arsenic; in both letters were found from another man to the wife anticipating marriage with her; and in both the wife was sentenced to death and the sentences of both were commuted to imprisonment during life. Mrs. Carew's case is in every detail, quite as interesting as that of Mrs. Maybrick. But Mrs.



MRS. CAREW.

Maybrick has one advantage. She did not tamper with the documentary evidence. It is doubtful whether a conviction could have been had in the Carew case had not Mrs. Carew been caught in the very act of stealing part of an exhibit of evidence. The missing document was found concealed in the cuff of her pretty jacket.

The Carews were members of the fashionable set in the English colony at Yokohama, Japan. They lived in a pretty house on "The Bluff," that quarter of the city set apart for foreign residents. The family had been in Japan since 1890. Mr. Carew, whose full name was Walter Howard Halliwell Carew, went to Yokohama from Singapore, in India, where he was in the government civil service. After his arrival in the big Japanese city he was made secretary of the Yokohama United Club. Mr. Carew was well known and very popular, and he and Mrs. Carew were favorites in the English society in Japan. The case was therefore one of special interest, and owing to its close resemblance to the famous Maybrick case was widely publicized after Mrs. Carew was put on trial for her life January 5.

Mrs. Carew is a handsome woman of twenty-nine, of good English family. Her father is the mayor of Gloucestershire, in Cornwall, and before her marriage to Walter Carew in May, 1889, she was Miss Edith Mary Porch. She was a charming girl, and although her husband was fifteen years older than she, the match was considered a happy one. Mrs. Carew's father belongs to the best gentry in England. His father is Major Carew of Exmouth, in Devon, and the dead man was an Englishman of the sturdy athletic type. He met his wife at a ball in the country, loved her, and after a rather short engagement they were married. Mrs. Carew's family was not without political influence, and the young man was given a subordinate position in the Indian civil service. After one year's residence in India an opportunity presented itself for advancement in Yokohama, and thence the couple went to live. Mrs. Carew's father was a man of great beauty and her talent was an amateur of the stage, and she was as widely admired in the English colony for both.

One day last October Mrs. Carew was suddenly stricken with illness. The family physician was sent for, and he was puzzled by the patient's symptoms. His medicines seemed to do no good, and the malady more pronounced. The doctor advised that Carew be taken to the hospital. The advice was followed, and the Englishman soon afterward died in great pain. The hospital physicians did not like the looks of the case and decided to make an autopsy. The post mortem was found that the dead man's viscera were full of arsenic, and this discovery set the local machinery in motion, and the coroner was called in. The testimony at the inquest was remarkable. It was found that Mrs. Carew, a nursery governess, had been in the house for five months. She was in the custom of purchasing large quantities of arsenic from Japanese druggists. Just before Carew's death her mistress had sent her for an extraordinarily large quantity of Fowler's solution, a preparation of arsenic, and for sugar of lead. This testimony aroused suspicion, and from that moment Mrs. Carew was never clear of doubt.

Miss Jacob, in her testimony before the coroner, said that the druggist had asked her for what purpose her mistress wanted so much deadly poison. The woman said she did not know, whereupon the druggist told her that Mrs. Carew had bought considerable quantities of arsenic the day before and the day before that, too. Miss Jacob did not inform Mrs. Carew of the conversation with the druggist, but did tell Mrs. Carew's brother, Mr. Porch, who expressed surprise at the impudence of the woman. Mrs. Carew was not to be struck with the significance of his sister's having bought so much poison. The governor testified that Mrs. Carew alone attended to the work of nursing her husband. The servants of the house had no part in this.

It was the wife who administered the medicine. Mr. Porch was often in his brother-in-law's room to inquire after his condition. Mr. Porch himself testified that he had often seen his sister administer medicine to Carew, and it was otherwise shown in the evidence offered that at least three ounces of Fowler's solution had been used in the Carew case within three days.

The case seemed to be somewhat complicated by the testimony of the widow herself. She told of a mysterious woman who had called at the house to see her husband. This woman, she said, was a certain Annie Luke, with whom Mr. Carew was supposed to have had a liaison before his marriage. The widow said that this woman had followed Mr. Carew to Japan. She produced a

number of letters supposed to have been written by the mysterious woman, in which reference was made to "the foolish wife." The police made every effort to locate this Annie Luke, but failed completely. It was shown that the veiled woman had once called at the Carew house during the absence of Mrs. Carew, but it was believed that it was Mrs. Carew herself, en masque. In the letters supposed to have come from "Annie Luke," that mysterious person hinted at suicide, but no trace of her could be found. The veiled woman is believed to be a pure fabrication of Mrs. Carew's to divert suspicion from herself.

An interesting feature of the case is contained in certain letters from Mr. Dickinson, a member of the branch Hong Kong bank at Yokohama, in which Dickinson entreats Mrs. Carew to secure a divorce from Carew and promises to marry her as soon as she shall succeed in doing so. The coroner's jury returned a verdict saying that Carew had come to his death at the hands of some unknown person, but popular feeling ran high against the widow, and a warrant for her arrest was issued. She was tried before the British consular court. In process of trial the fact was disclosed that letters supposed to have been written by "Annie Luke" were inscribed upon paper that Mr. Carew was in the custom of using in his correspondence. A number of fragments of a torn sheet which had been collected by the government and sewn together were produced and found to have been one of the "Annie Luke" letters. During the proceedings in court one of the letters was missed. The judge ordered the door locked and that a search be made. The missing letter was found concealed in the cuff of Mrs. Carew's mantle, and this sensational discovery had a very damaging effect upon her case. The two attorneys who were defending her were certain of an acquittal, but when they found their client resorting to this sort of subterfuge they at once withdrew from the case. Other lawyers took up the defense and carried it to the end, but the effect on the minds of the jury by Mrs. Carew's peculiar conduct in concealing part of the documentary evidence spoiled the case, and a verdict of guilty was rendered.

Meanwhile Miss Jacob, the governess, was arrested on the charge, although no one could give a satisfactory reason why. She was held pending the result of the trial of Mrs. Carew, and was released when the verdict came in. It was believed that Miss Jacob was the author of the "Annie Luke" letters, which are now considered to be a pure fabrication on the part of Mrs. Carew herself.

Bees and Flowers.

There are few florists who have not been interested in the particular speculation advanced by writers with a limited knowledge of plants in regard to the agency of insects in the fertilization of flowers. According to these speculations color and fragrance have been made the attributes of flowers solely that insects may be attracted, and thereby insure cross fertilization.

The insect is supposed to carry pollen from the flower of one plant to the flower of another, and it is further supposed that the progeny of these crosses have a greater power in life than plants which originate from self fertilization. Those, however, who look closely into the nature of flowers find very much that cannot be explained by the insect theory. In the instance, the willow is a plant that bears male and female flowers on separate plants. Female flowers have no fragrance, and yet they are visited by bees, probably just as freely as if the flowers were ever so sweet. The male flowers, on the other hand, have a delightful fragrance—bees visit them also with freedom.

As a general rule, bees that collect from the male flowers seem to collect from these male plants only. Usually individual bees seem to work wholly on the female flowers, and as bees visit the sweet flowers and the scentless flowers indiscriminately, what connection can the odor of the male have to do with the questions of cross-fertilization? This seems equally true to color. A large number of sweet flowers are extremely insignificant as regards color, while numbers of the most showy flowers have scarcely any fragrance, and yet they attract the bees. It may be granted that color and fragrance may have some little influence in attracting insects, but these characters certainly can have no great place in building up a speculation as to the great changes in plants involved in theories of cross-fertilization.

Why Thunder Rols.

The prolonged roll of thunder is readily explained by comparison with a volley fired along a line of troops. Suppose troops to be drawn up in line in such numbers as to extend for a mile, and ordered, by a signal that all could see, to fire at once. One standing at the end of the line would hear the report of the musket nearest him instantly. He would hear the others successively.

Thus a report 550 feet away would come to him in half a second, and should not hear the last report for five or six seconds after the gun had been fired. This would produce a sort of roll, which would gradually increase in intensity. Flashes of lightning may be considered as representing three lines of troops along which the explosions occur at the same time. Consider the variety of distance and position of the listener, and we account for the variety of sound in thunder. In mountainous regions the rolling is augmented by reverberations or echoes.

To Breathe Correctly.

Following are some excellent rules for improving the respiration and bringing it up to a normal condition: Stand as an open window or recline on a couch with the waist and chest unconfined; hold the chest walls high and inhale in slow, long, breathy exhalations slowly, three times only at first. Gradually the number of times may be increased, and the time lengthened for the breathing exercises. Fifteen minutes, twice a day, at least, should be devoted to this exercise to accomplish the desired results. To inhale long, deep breaths while slowly raising the arms above the head, and to exhale as slowly while lowering them, is one of the best breathing exercises ever invented. The practice of breathing very deeply while walking in the open air is recommended not only for the general health, but is one of the best cures for obesity, as the increased amount of oxygen greatly augments the consumption of waste material.

On the Southern Railways.

First Passenger.—Oh, yes, I know these Southern railroads very well. I've been riding on this line all my life.

Second Passenger.—That so? You must have got on a little sooner than I did.—Trash.

TWICE WOOD AND WON.

A Man Who Had Forgotten Everything, Even His Sweetheart.

As the finale to an exceedingly singular and at the same time a romantic case, information has been received that William E. Higgins, of Sandusky, and Miss Edith Marchus, of 263 Forest street, Cleveland, were married in that city some time ago, thus joining two young people who were separated for months by unprecedented circumstances.

Several months ago the medical authorities were non-plussed by the peculiar malady which afflicted Mr. Higgins, and to this day there has been no satisfactory explanation of it. The young man is about 22 years of age, and up to the summer of 1895 lived with his parents in Sandusky. He went to Elyria, where he obtained a situation with the Johnson Electric Railway Co., and one day in August of that year, while at work as a lineman an insulator fell from a cross-top and struck him on the forehead. At the time he complained of a peculiar sensation about the head, and as time passed he daily became more confused in his thoughts. Fearing that he would be ill he returned home, and was prostrated for four weeks. When he had recovered his health apparently he returned to Elyria and re-entered the employ of the railway company.

One Saturday evening he announced to his landlady that he was going home to spend Sunday, and she became alarmed when the young man did not return. Mr. Higgins, the father, went to Elyria in search of his son. That was the first intimation that any one had that a misfortune had befallen the young man. It was thought for a time that the young man had been murdered for his money. This idea was exploded when his bank book and a sum of money were found in his valise. The father returned home, thinking he would never see his son again. He communicated with the authorities of various cities, asking for information regarding his son. Reports came of strange young men in various sections, but none of them were the son of miles to identify him. So many disappointments awaited him that for a time it seemed hope was vain.

One day a friend of the family told the father that he thought he had seen Will in St. Louis. Mr. Higgins at once left for that city and found his son working with a gang of laborers in the employ of the Missouri Electric Co.

The father was overjoyed at the recovery of his son, and threw his arms around the neck of the young man. The consternation and horror of the father can hardly be imagined when the son said: "Excuse me, I do not know you." Then the terrible truth flashed across the mind of the father, and he realized that his son had lost his memory. The father worked with the young man for hours trying to recall to him scenes of his home and mother, but all to no avail. The young man said he remembered nothing antedating his living in a boarding house in St. Louis. Where he came from, he said, he did not know. He said, however, he was desirous of solving the mystery of his past, and accepted his father's invitation to return home with him in the hope that his memory might be awakened.

It was supposed that when young Higgins would arrive home and see his mother he would again be himself in every respect. But he did not know her, although she wept on his shoulder and repeated to him all those fond names she had given him in his infancy, and as an infant and a growing child. He could not recall anything of his past.

A delicate surprise was arranged for him, which, it was hoped, as a last resort, would awaken his memory. Miss Edith Marchus, of 263 Forest street, this city, whom Mr. Higgins had been engaged to marry in October 1895, was sent for. She arrived, and was much moved by the presence of her lover whom she had mourned as dead for so many months. The young man treated her with respect, but his demeanor plainly indicated that Miss Marchus, whom he would have married, had been his mistress, and was a stranger to him. Miss Marchus had formerly lived in Sandusky, and having moved to Cleveland, she was prevailed upon to remain at the Higgins home for several days, in the hope that constant association would rekindle young Higgins' memory.

All efforts failed, however, but Mr. Higgins developed a strong attachment for Miss Marchus, which ripened into love, and they were finally married in this city.—Cleveland Leader.

Japanese Singers.

Japanese music is crude; there are no written notes to go by in playing, nor has the singer any "Do, Re, Mi" to play by observation, imitation, and practice. Instrumental and vocal music are always taught together, and by the same instructor, who is either a lady or a blind man, who has received a musical degree. The singular method of practicing by a young lady intent upon cultivating her voice is thus described:—

During the winter the girl in training clothes herself comfortably, takes a samisen—a lute with a square body, played with a plectrum of ivory—and ascends every cold night the scaffold erected on the roof of the house for drying purposes.

There she sits for hours, sitting and banging away, until she can endure it no longer. Upon coming down she is so hoarse as to be unable to utter a word. This training is persisted in until her natural voice has left her and a new clear voice has been acquired, which can be heard in a storm. The girl screams her worthless voice out and away.

Why H Died.

In 1827 Mr. Zea, Colombian minister in England, died suddenly. He was insured in various offices, and rumor said he had shot himself. A meeting of one of the insurance boards was held, and the directors were talking the matter over, when Dr. M. appeared, who was the company's medical referee as well as Mr. Zea's own physician.

"Ah! now you can tell us the true cause of Zea's death."

"Certainly I can," said the doctor, solemnly, "because I attended him."

Here he paused, and was surprised to find that his merely preliminary remark was hilariously received as a solution of the whole question.—London Household Words.

The Boy's Reply.

"My boy," said old Drywater, "in all creation you won't find any animal except man who makes a habit of smoking."



THE PUZZLER

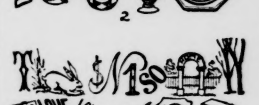
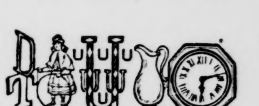
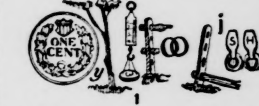
No. 47.—Charade.

In dewy fields on summer morns
The farmer's men go to and fro
About their work, and they're first
With steady motion, strong and slow.

Far off above the tossing waves
My scorpions circle in the air,
Or, weary, sink upon the sea
To float and rest in safety there.

My whole is but a memory now,
But in the days that are no more
His word was law, in India great,
From mount to sea, from shore to shore.

No. 48.—Illustrated Rebuses.



—Country Gentleman.

No. 49.—Hidden Proverb.

It is great fun to skate.
The wheel is known by its white breast.
Tom is never late for his dinner.
This house is too large for us to live in.

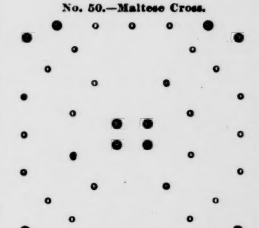
It is getting late, so we had better get home quick.

Can we go to the zoo next week?

Please will you mend my Noah's ark for me!

Select one word from each of the foregoing, to form a proverb.

No. 50.—Maltese Cross.



The upper horizontal of five, a great high priest.

The upper right slant of four, a city where a young man was raised from the dead.

The next slant, a land for cattle.

The right vertical of five, a land for gold.

The slant of four, a famous daughter of Israel.

The next slant, him whose children witnessed the transfer of the field of Ephron to Abraham.

The lower horizontal of five, a kind of tyre.

The lower left slant of four, David smote.

The next slant, a soothsayer.

The left vertical of five, a damsel who hearkened at a gate.

The upper slant of four, a wicked king of Israel.

The next slant, a valley.

No. 51.—Metagram.

1. A word of four letters naming an island between England and France. Change the first letter and have:

2. A deep sea sunset.

3. An inclosed piece of ground.

4. Listen!

5. Part of a tree; the cry of an animal.

6. A visible line or impression; a coin.

7. A bird famed for its beautiful note.

No. 52.—Anagrams.

(In the dining room.)

1. Sparking inn.

2. E—skates back.

3. Crude as sun cake.

4. P. sold no horse.

5. Boys' rag vat.

6. Sit rude fish.

7. Sink pan.

8. Top season.

9. A pure sunset!

10. I march, I sing, or nod.

Remarks of the Young Folks.

"Tommy, who was Joan of Arc?" asked the teacher. "Noah's wife," said Tommy, who is considered great at guessing.

Old Mrs. Chaffee—Johnny, how many times have I told you to stop that noise! Johnny (reflectively).—Seven.

"What would you do if mamma should die?" asked fond mother of her little boy. "I don't know," he replied. "I suppose I'd have to spank myself."

Angry Father—Jack, can't you bridle your tongue? Jack.—Not a bit.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 39.—Arithmetical Puzzle.

1. 100. 2. 100. 3. 100. 4. 100. 5. 100. 6. 100. 7. 100. 8. 100. 9. 100. 10. 100.

No. 40.—Historical: French revolution.

No. 41.—Pictorial: Final Acrostic: 1. Cutlass-S. 2. Locust-Z. 3. Zeb-U. 4. Umbrell-A. 5. Guita-R. 6. Epaula-T. 7. Fi bell-A.—STUART.

No. 42.—Square and Diamond:

C H A S E D G
H E R O I N E F L Y
A B T O R E G R A T E
M O L U R E G L A S G O W
M I S T R E S B A G G Y
S T R E A T L O T
D E S E R T S W

No. 43.—Changed Words: 1. Carp, care, core, sore, sea. 2. Loe, lone, line, fine, find. 3. One, son, sun, six. 4. Cook, coot, coat, moat, meat.

No. 44.—Hidden Proverbs: "Good things are done up in small parcels." "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

No. 45.—Buried Cities: 1. Dover. 2. Bombay. 3. Quebec. 4. Frankfurt. 5. Geneva. 6. Texas. 7. Troy.

No. 46.—nagrams.—Noted People: 1. David Scott. 2. Carl Schurz. 3. Benjamin Franklin. 4. John Howard Payne. 5. Clement C. Moore. 6. Joseph Rodman Drake.

CIVIL DEATH.

A Question That May Come Up In the Case of Life Prisoners.

The fact that in this city a woman who was married a few years ago recently contracted a second legal marriage though the first husband was alive and the ties of matrimony had not been severed by a judicial decree of divorce called public attention to a not generally known peculiarity of the law.

The statutes of New York provide that the penalty of life imprisonment shall involve civil death for the felon sentenced to it. This means that he shall be deprived of his civil rights, particularly property rights and the rights resulting from family relations, as if he were actually dead. Civil death takes from the person upon whom this punishment has been inflicted all that he owned and transfers it to those who would have received it if he had died before his conviction. It affects his contract rights in the same manner as physical death. He cannot, in this legal condition, become an heir or obtain property by bequest. The law deprives him of the legal rights of a married man. If he has a wife, any consideration he may have legally dissolved, as if he were dead, and contract another marriage.

Civil death was known to the Roman law, and this term, according to Blackstone, was applied to certain legal conditions in England. It is also known to the French law and to the statutes of a number of our states. But there are some doubts about the exact scope and legal effects of the penalty. A life convict may be pardoned. That would certainly not disturb or in any way affect property rights or once marriage relations that had been established as a consequence of the civil death. But could not the wife of a pardoned life convict, in case she had not contracted another marriage, claim the legal rights connected with the marriage relation? It is believed that this question must be answered in the affirmative, and that the English law, which has the convict, though he was civilly dead during the term of his imprisonment, is still bound by his former relations if he has not been released therefrom by an act not of his own doing.

It would seem that the law in a case like the one at hand would make it inadvisable to require a judicial dissolution of the former marriage before it authorizes the wife or the husband of a person sentenced to life imprisonment to contract a new marriage.—Buffalo Courier.

THE GREAT GRAY WOLF.

It Is Not Very Large, but Is All Muscle, and Feels Nothing But Fire.

The great gray wolf of the north is a most powerful beast and pursues men with hungry eagerness when snow prevents it from finding its usual food. It is not a large creature, but it is all muscle.

The gray wolf is a cunning, alert and strong. He is not much taller than a setter dog. He is longer and heavier, a sort of combination of wire and rawhide, which never tires and can cover ground with great rapidity. A man not long ago started two wolf hounds after six hungry wolves of this type. The dogs overtook the wolves with unexpected ease, and then the wolves ate the dogs, evidently thankful that a supply train had followed them.

"A year ago a man who believes in poisoning wolves dragged a fresh beed hide 31 miles, throwing out bait of poisoned meat. Next day, on his return over the line, he found 28 wolves and coyotes dead, and others no doubt had wandered away sick to some hole or other and died."

"A very effective trap is made of a gang of fishhooks baited with meat. The hooks are hung on wires and fastened to branches. The animals come along, smell the bait and, getting on their legs, and then the wolves eat the dogs, evidently thankful that a supply train had followed them."

"The gray wolf in a pack of its own kind seems to fear nothing but fire. It will attack a man who is shooting at it and its comrades. It will aid in pulling down a wounded buffalo bull, and a buck deer at bay is attacked in spite of horns and hoofs. But fire keeps it at a distance. A lone man may sleep if his fire burns brightly, even if the wolves sit about just outside the line of light, their eyes showing in a circle around the fire, but as the fire dies down the circle draws closer, and it behooves the man to stir it up again."

Prince Bismarck at Home.

It is impossible ever to have been within the Bismarck family circle without seeing proofs that the Iron Chancellor is not all of iron. I have seen him with his own children—now all men and women—and with other children. His affection for his own needs no testimony. He has always shown it. His affection and pride in his eldest son and successor, Count Herbert, are alike part of his nature. I have seen Prince Bismarck also with troops of children who came to Friedrichshagen to visit him. His manner to them was charming, his outstretched hand upon the heads of those nearest to him, the kindly caresses, the sympathetic greetings—these are all so many traits of personal character and of a true gentleness of nature which the outside world, thinking only of his life of storm and stress, might not expect to find. But there they are.—George W. Smalley in Ladies' Home Journal.

Early Rising.

One of the most eminent specialists in insanity in the world has been declaring that early rising is the most prolific cause of insanity: "A peremptory command to get up when one's sleep is yet unfinished is a command which grinds the soul, curdles the blood, swells the spleen, destroys all good intentions and disturbs for the future the mental activities of a boy, just as the storm disturbs and levels with advancing rain a forest of mighty pines. To the habit of too early rising on the part of young men, we may," he adds, "justly ascribe many cases of early insanity, of melancholia and of abject dementia. The early morning hours, when everything is still, are peculiarly favorable for sleep, and it is a gross violation of all the laws of nature to tear human brains out of the sound rest they enjoy at this time."

Not Repented.

"When you stepped on that gentleman's foot, Tommie, I hope you apologized!" "Oh, yes, indeed I did," said Tommie, "and he gave me 10 cents for being such a good boy."

"Did he? And what did you do then?" "Stepped on the other and apologized again. But it didn't work."—Harper's Round Table.

The next step in advance after the stockade, was the erection of walls of masonry, and from the time of the foundation of Nineveh and Babylon, or from 2000 B. C., this mode of defence has been the favorite in all parts of the world.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

SHOWING HOW A SUFFERER FROM SCIATICA WAS CURED.

A Correspondent of the Orillia News-Letter With Permission From the Author Makes the Letter Public—It Will Be Gladly Read by Other Sufferers From This Painful Malady.

From the Orillia News-Letter.

The following letter has been forwarded us by the Coldwater, Ont., correspondent of the News-Letter, which we have great pleasure in publishing:—

Coldwater, Sept. 25th, 1896.

A few weeks ago I became very unwell from an attack of sciatica, and remembering that a while ago a well known friend of mine, Mr. C. T. Hopson, of Fesserton, a few miles from here, had been a great sufferer from this painful complaint, I thought it would be well to consult that gentleman as to the medicine he gives credit to for his relief and cure, as I was aware that he was now well and hearty and had ever since been in steady work among lumber—his regular business. He gave me the information required, and wrote out the following testimonial which he desires to have published in any way I think proper, hoping that it will meet the eye of many sufferers like myself who are anxious to get relief. I therefore forward it to you to publish:—

Fesserton, Sept. 18th, 1896.

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I testify to the marvelous benefit and cure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effected in my case. In the year 1892 I was taken very bad with sciatica. I was treated at different times by two doctors, but dispensed with that at once, as I found I was not getting the hoped for relief. I then tried different remedies advertised as a cure for sciatica, but with no better result. Then I tried strongly recommended electrical appliances, but still to no purpose. I did not improve any and the pain was excruciating and I began to lose all hope of ever getting better. I could not sit down or move about without suffering intense pain, and the only relief I could get was when I lay down with my legs stretched straight out and then the pain was somewhat less. I was in this position one day when I picked up a newspaper lying by my side and there I read of a man cured of sciatica by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Always having but little faith in proprietary medicines, and in view of the experience I already had, I would not have tried them but for the fact that my wife insisted on going at once and procuring some. She got a box and persuaded me to take them. By the time I had finished the box I believe I felt better, so I kept on taking the pills and by the time I had taken six boxes I was entirely cured. I had been laid up for four months before taking the Pink Pills, and I should continue to take them occasionally as I know them to be an excellent medicine. I shall never cease recommending them. Yours truly,

"CHARLES T. HOPSON."

Our correspondent adds that this letter is from a much respected resident of Fesserton, whose word is generally considered as good as his bond.

Literary Note From the Century Co.

A first prize of \$500 and a number of smaller prizes have been offered by The Century Co., publishers of The Century Dictionary and Cyclopaedia, for the best answers to a hundred and fifty questions covering a broad range of information.

A sample question, which is easier than some of them, is as follows: "What is the approximate difference in altitude between the loftiest Alpine summit and the bed of the greatest depression in the Mediterranean basin?"

An additional prize of \$500 is offered to any one who can answer 90 per cent of the questions from any ten published works of reference other than The Century Dictionary and Cyclopaedia.

AS WELL AS EVER.

A Brickmaker Listens to Reason—Uses Six Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and Tells It.

THE MAIL.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1897.

THE SCHOOLS SETTLEMENT DEBATE.

The Conservatives of this province have been unfortunate for many years, meeting with continued reverses, and chiefly because of the blunders of their leaders. A leader makes a mistake, and instead of singling him out and casting the whole blame for his mistake upon the shoulders of the man that made it, many of the following seem inclined to condone the oversight or defend the mistake, and at once divisions take place in the ranks, and the Liberals get the benefit of the division through no merit of their own. It is now conceded by a large section of the party, Mr. Daly did the party an injury from whose results it will take it many years to recover, and in the last general elections there was a section of the party ready to defend it, and trust him again with office; but of course other elements of the party objected and the act could not have been accomplished. In the discussion before the Local House last week on the school settlement, Mr. Rolin, the local leader, made another mistake that will greatly retard the progress of the party, for in a general election his speech will be quoted as favoring the restoration of separate schools to which seven-eighths of the people are opposed.

It may be contended the opposition are not in favor of separate schools, and if such is the case Mr. Rolin instead of denouncing the settlement should have applied himself to the task, not of denouncing the bill but of modifying some of the clauses dealing with the details. It is no argument to say the settlement is bad or defective because some Orangemen oppose it, because there are some Orangemen as bigoted and as thick in the skull as ever flattered Irish Roman Catholics are. The merits of the measure can only be considered fairly in the light of existing law and the conditions in the province. In giving their decision the Privy Council doubted the minority had a grievance, as any one will admit to himself speaking they had, in losing a school system they enjoyed for 19 years; but the councillors also said it was not necessary to restore the repealed act, or to abolish the act of 1890, that the ground could be covered by "supplementing the act of 1890." Now this is where the Tupper government made their serious blunder—instead of passing supplementary measures or suggesting them to the Greenway government, they declared for a complete separate school law with separate boards of education, or nothing. Mr. Rolin makes an onslaught on the section of the Bill that provides for a Roman Catholic teacher where there are 25 Roman Catholic children, when in so far as rural schools are concerned it remedies nothing the act of 1890 does not give. Every one knows that 25 children of school age will constitute the majority of any rural school in the country for a hundred years to come, and with the majority Catholics under the act of 1890 the trustees who would be Catholic, were permitted to hire a Catholic teacher. The application of the clause to city and town schools is not so clear, nor is its usefulness so apparent. In either of the latter there might not be more than three or four of the 25 or more Catholic children, in any one department at any time, then where is the necessity for a Catholic teacher. In such a school district, with the 25 or more Catholic children seated in all the departments from the alphabet in the ward schools to classics in the collegiate, where will the law place the teacher? Shall he be a ward teacher, principal of the public school or head of the collegiate? It is a serious question whether or not the Catholics of the district will be satisfied with the position assigned to the Catholic teacher, and as we have said in any case he never can have any substantial percentage of his pupils of his own faith. In our opinion the application of this clause in the better terms, should be limited to those schools or departments in which the majority of the pupils are Roman Catholics, for doubtless many Protestant parents will object to Catholic teachers where there are no Catholic children to teach.

Another ground for objection is to the bilingual clause as compulsory. There is no denying the fact the only way to teach English to a foreigner is through the language of that foreigner—the only way to teach English to a German pupil is through the German language. But the amendment makes it imperative to employ a German or a French or an Italian speaking teacher where there are 10 German, French or Italian speaking children. Supposing for instance there were 10 German and 10 French speaking children in any one district, as there are in some, then by law the teacher will have to speak all three languages, and the employment of such teachers at a figure the district can pay will be the problem.

As we have said above it is to the amendment of the details of the bill the opposition should have applied their fagots and powder and not to its principles. In attacking the latter they are only flying squarely in the face of public opinion.

We may be permitted to say another ground for objection is in the detail that provides for religious teaching after 3.30 o'clock. Supposing to-day there was not a Catholic pupil in the Brandon Hills school and the resident Protestants did not care to take advantage of the religious teaching clause the school would go on to 4 p.m., but if next year one Catholic family with school children located in the district, they could insist on the school closing at 3.30 for their special religious benefit, which would be a manifest injustice.

What the Mail contends is this. The settlement, or rather the Manitoba side of it, is fully on the lines suggested by the Privy Council, and ought not to be attacked as a whole. It is never necessary to knock a man's head off to cure an aching tooth, neither is it necessary to denounce this whole bill to correct its deficiencies. In principle it is sound, but in its details it has been so imperfectly considered as to lead to many serious complications, if the Catholics take advantage of its provisions.

THE PROVINCIAL FINANCES.

According to the showing of the Hon. the provincial treasurer, in his budget speech, Manitoba's finances are in anything but a desirable shape. Last year we had a deficit of \$104,000, and for some years previous there were annually recurring deficits until over half a million has been reached that way in a few years. Now any one acquainted with finance knows this is a very serious matter. If a farmer found that for years the profits of his farming operations were not paying their way, and that he had yearly to mortgage something to meet his deficiency, he would naturally conclude the worst should eventually come, and so it is with the province. We have mortgaged the province all told for three and a quarter millions, ostensibly to build railways and public buildings, and since the loan was effected over half a million has been taken to pay the yearly expenses of the government. With out retrenchment in some quarter, when the last of the \$177,000 alleged to be in hand is expended, or say two years hence, another mortgage must be given to meet every day calls. It is quite true that our revenues are small and our unavoidable necessities are growing every year, always the history of a young country; but we should do something to meet the inevitable.

With our public lands handed over to us, mining and agricultural, and per capita allowances increased as it should be and other sources of revenue contemplated for conceded by the Federal government, our receipts would be considerably augmented; but these revenues would also bring their own expenditures for management, so that in time, with things going on as they are, we might not be much better off than we are. The facts are we are too expensively governed for our resources, and this expense of government will sooner or later result in trouble no matter what our receipts from expected assets. Think of a province with quarter of a million people and two asylums, five cabinet ministers, forty representatives in parliament, a land registration system not paying its way, a host of officials discharging duties that could well be discharged by the professional men and others of the country at less than a tenth of the cost to the people. We may not be thanked for our advice, but nevertheless, we will show how the greater of our annually recurring deficits can be overcome. Cut off two ministers, and Mr. Greenway's extra \$1,000 as president of the council, and you save \$7,000 a year. Reduce the representation to 25, and we would then have one member for every 10,000 people, enough in all science and you save nearly \$10,000 a year. Take \$100 from sessional indemnity, leaving \$500 for six weeks work, enough surely and you save \$2,500 more. Sell one of the asylum buildings for what it will bring, enlarge the other to meet requirements and you save the salaries of one staff of officials some \$5,000 a year more. We may here say there are asylums in Ontario run by one staff of officials that have double the number of inmates of our two institutions combined. Dispende with the offices of inspector of public buildings, county court and veterinary inspectors and you cut off \$9,000 more a year, make the clerks in the Land Title offices work from 9 a.m. to 5 or 6 p.m. and the country can dispense with 8 officials saving some \$7,000 a year. In these items alone which every thinking man will admit can be dispensed with without impairing government and one half the deficit is overcome. Now these are matters that should be considered from a purely business point of view and altogether free from the political. It may be of concern for parties to provide for their immediate friends but that is a question with which the country as such has nothing to do. The freedom of the

people from unnecessary burdens for partisan ends is the question that should engross the attention of all true friends of the country.

Some Jackanapes has written an anonymous letter to the Brandon Times ridiculing D'Alton McCarthy and his friends in this constituency, and the Editor has no better sense than to publish it with a view to healing the differences in the Conservative party in this province. It is quite true that Mr. McCarthy did not succeed in carrying many constituencies in the late general election, but in all the constituencies in which he placed candidates they polled enough votes to show they control those constituencies as against either of the old parties, and this is the significant truth the old parties should observe. It is only necessary for either of the old parties to meet the views of the McCarthyites, to carry the constituencies in which McCarthy candidates appeared last election. If Conservative leaders of this constituency force Mahomet to come to the mountain, they can carry this division—they never can do it by declaring Mahomet is great and ridiculing the McCarthyites. The scribe next declares the McCarthyites have not got what they wanted, and the Clifles, the Hughes and the Joe Youngs are not satisfied. Well, they have got one thing they wanted—immunity from the separate schools the Tupper government and the Times endeavored to force upon them, and if the Times scribe will only have the goodness to specify other things they wanted, we will too carefully into the matter to see whether they have got them or not. Be specific, Mr. Scribe, give the demands in proper outline, and cease firing away at the shadows of the trees in the bush.

It must be readily seen by any one who takes trouble to look at the railway system of Western Canada that no one but the C.P.R. can build and operate the projected Crow's Nest Pass road with any degree of satisfaction to the company or the country. Already the C.P.R. has the Kootenay country from Nelson westward gridironed with roads, and it only requires the link from Fort McLeod through the Pass to Nelson, to make the system quite complete. In extending from Rossland to the boundary thence north to Vernon all the interests of the country, so far explored, would be quite fully served. Every one desires that railway rates should be lowered but building a separate line 350 miles long through the Pass from Nowhere to Nowhere will never lessen them, for cut as such a short line might, the local rates at each end as the C.P.R. would undoubtedly charge an independent line, would make a heavier through freight. The best the government can do as things stand is get the strongest guarantee possible from the C. P. R. for through and local freights, give a moderate bonus and have the C.P.R. build the line with all possible dispatch.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Toronto, March 10.—A special cable announces the sale of Le Roi mine to an English syndicate for \$3,000,000. The sale is said to have been accomplished through R.H. Pope, M.P., English agent who are to close the deal will leave for New York to-day, where Senator Turner, a leading owner of the mine, will meet them.

Toronto, March 10.—The Ottawa correspondent of the Globe says the government is contemplating withholding the writ for election in Champlain and notifying parliament this course was taken because it is impossible at present to have a free election in Quebec, owing to the attitude and actions of the bishops in that province. "The consequence of this step," says the correspondent, "would be that parliament would be asked what legislation is necessary to ensure free elections in Canada, and the answer would have to be given in the shape of a statute, making it an indictable offence for any one to make use of such spiritual threats, or terrors, as would have the effect of taking away from an elector his absolute right to cast a free vote. It may be the arrival of Mr. Merry Del Val will remedy the extraordinary state of affairs, illustrated to-day in Bonaventure by the announced intention of Bishop Blais to excommunicate every one who votes contrary to his wishes."

Toronto, March 12.—The Globe says concerning the report that Archbishop Langevin has declared that Catholics who voted for the Liberal candidate in St. Boniface will be refused burial in consecrated ground, that this is carrying clerical intimidation to a length the people of Canada will not tolerate. This does not affect St. Boniface alone, nor is it confined to Quebec. It is a matter of vital moment to the whole Dominion. If the church the spiritual allegiance of a large section of the Canadian people is allowed to dictate to its members as to what public men and measures they shall support and condemn and to enforce such decrees by denial of Christian burial and infliction of spiritual penalties, popular government becomes a delusion. People and parliament have too long tolerated clerical domination in political affairs. They have overlooked reasonable and unreasoning resentment against measures which could not be all that one party to the dispute desired, but their consideration and toleration have been abused, and it is not only their right, but their duty to assist and maintain the supremacy of

the state in public affairs.

Dorchester, March 12.—John E. Sullivan, the murderer of Mrs. Dutcher and her young son, Harry, was hanged this morning at the rear of the jail here. Sullivan slept well during the night and woke at 5.30 a.m. He ate a good breakfast, after receiving the last rites of the church at 7.45. Sullivan's arms were pinioned, and preceded by Sheriff McQueen, Jailor Bourne, Sheriff Legree, of Kent, and Deputy Sheriff Keith, of Petitoctiac, and attended by Father Cormick, and Radcliffe, the hangman, bringing up the rear, he was conducted to the scaffold. Sullivan walked in a very unconcerned way and was apparently oblivious of his doom. When he reached the gallows, he calmly raised the rope and when asked if he had anything to say, he replied "No." Sullivan was pronounced dead 30 seconds after the drop fell.

The World Over.

Evansville, Ind., March 10.—The most disastrous wreck that ever occurred on the Evansville and Terre Haute railroad, occurred this morning between 12 and 1 o'clock, as the train known as the "Midnight Cannon Ball," from Chicago, was coming south over the road. Recent rains had a terrible effect on the roadbed and the entire service of the road had been directed since last Friday to getting the road in shape for travel. It was pronounced safe last night and train service was resumed. Trains had orders to proceed cautiously for safety and the wrecked train was running under these orders. At a point near Hazelton, where the road is built on an embankment, it suddenly gave way and the engine, baggage car and part of the smoker went down. The engine turned over but the baggage car remained upright. The smoker hung over the abyss. Engineer Wm. McCutcheon escaped, but the fireman, Joe Boleman, was killed. Conductor George Sears, of Terre Haute, in the smoker, was also killed.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 10.—Word has just been received at the Union station on this city, that fifteen persons are known to have been killed in the Evansville and Terre Haute wreck near Princeton, Ind., this morning. It is feared a number of Indianapolis people are among the victims of the wreck. No names are yet obtainable. An express messenger named Hill, who arrived from Terre Haute at 11 o'clock, said information had been received to place all passengers in the day coaches. The dead are still under water, and the sleeper is resting on top of the coaches.

A MESSAGE.

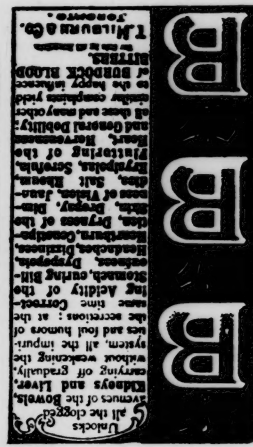
Canea, March 16.—A sensation has been caused by the report the Italian vice-consul, who has visited the spot, confirms alleged treacherous massacres of Moslems in Silia district by Christians last month. He gives details of revolting barbarity and fixes the number of victims at 1,000. The evidence, however, is not very convincing and does not preclude the possibility of

severe fighting. At any rate the Italian vice-consul's report calls for strict consular enquiry. The difficulty is there are no competent interpreters available. Mussulmans make the most of the affair and accuse Christians of blotting their extermination on the ground their presence is the only objection which Europe entertains to the annexation of Crete by Greece. Exasperated Moslems are finding an outlet for their rage in wholesale pillaging.

Canea, Island of Crete, March 16.—Noon.—At this hour the admirals of the foreign fleets have not yet proclaimed a blockade of the Island of Crete, as decided upon by the powers. Five small vessels of the Greek squadron left Cretan waters, and two other vessels are preparing to leave.

London, March 16.—It is announced this afternoon a detachment of 600 men from the Seaforth Highlanders has been ordered to the Island of Crete immediately, from Malta. Vessels belonging to the British Mediterranean squadron now at Malta have been instructed to sail immediately for the Island of Crete, in order to reinforce the British squadron now in these waters.

Liknow, March 16.—A special press representative has just completed an exhaustive tour of the Northwest. In an area of 400 by 200 miles, 1,750,000 persons are being relieved, owing to the government's timely grasp of the situation. The correspondent did not discover a single instance of death from starvation during the whole tour.



Clearing Sale At The Mail Bookstore.

ZINK BROS.
....Sell
Boots and Shoes
At Wholesale Prices.

All new just from the factory, having bought part of the JOHN McPHERSON STOCK at a low rate on the collar.

: 180 CASES :

Opened up and more to follow. Don't miss seeing the best up-to-date stock ever brought to the city.

Quality as Well as Cheapness.

This is our plan—the plan our customers approve of.

A FEW OF THE PRICES :

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| Gilt Edge and Dust 20c a bottle. | |
| 60 pairs Misses' Boots, pebble lace, solid leather, sizes 11 to 2..... | \$ 40 |
| 60 pairs Boots, light pebble, button, solid leather, sizes 11 to 2..... | 1.00 |
| 120 pairs Women's pebble lace, solid leather, sizes 3 to 7..... | 1.00 |
| 120 pairs Women's light pebble with tip, sizes 3 to 7..... | 1.25 |
| 120 pairs Women's calf lace, leather lined, sizes 3 to 7..... | 1.75 |
| 240 pairs Women's Dongola Kid, buttoned, best in Canada, sizes 3 to 7..... | 1.50 |
| 300 pairs Women's Oxford Shoes, Dongola, sizes 2 1/2 to 9..... | 1.00 |
| 120 pairs Women's Oxford Shoes, Dongola, J. & T. Bell's, 2 1/2 to 9..... | 1.25 |
| 120 pairs Men's Lace Boots, grain bellows tongue, sizes 6 to 11..... | 1.15 |
| 120 pairs Men's Lace Boots, double sole, sizes 6 to 11..... | 1.00 |
| 60 pairs Men's Long Boots, double sole, sizes 6 to 11..... | 2.00 |
| 60 pairs Men's Long Boots, extra good, sizes 6 to 11..... | 2.75 |
| 60 pairs Men's Long Boots, grain, sizes 6 to 11..... | 3.00 |
| 120 pairs Men's Congress Boot, fine, 6 to 10..... | 1.25 |
| 120 pairs Men's Lace and Congress, fine, sizes 6 to 10..... | 2.00 |
| 60 pairs Youth's Boots, lace, sizes 11 to 13..... | .85 |
| 60 pairs Child's Boots, lace, sizes 7 to 10..... | .60 |
| 120 pairs Boys' Strong Lace Boots, sizes 1 to 5..... | \$1.00 to 1.25 |
| 120 pairs Women's Felt Slippers, felt soles, sizes 3 to 7..... | .15 |
| 70 pairs Boys' Long Boots, Milwaukee Grain, sizes 1 to 5..... | \$1.75 to 2.00 |

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CORNER 7th STREET, ROSSER AVENUE.

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Great... Bankrupt Stock Sale.....

The Greatest values in Dry Goods ever shown in Brandon. No old bankrupt retail stocks, but new fresh Staple Dry Goods direct from the wholesale warehouse of W. J. McMaster & Co., Toronto.

BARGAINS IN TABLE LINENS.
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BARGAINS IN SHEETINGS.
BARGAINS IN CURTAINS.
BARGAINS IN GINGHAMS AND PRINTS.
BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

Now a word about Dress Goods.

"Every Season the Goods are More Beautiful!"

How many times have we heard those words during the past week, as the ladies have taken their first look through our grand display of New Spring and Summer Dress Goods, not in any past season have we had such an early rush for new goods. Our customers fully realize that as the "Early bird secures the worm," the early purchaser will get first choice from many lines of the finest Dress Goods that come to Canada, and are confined to this store for Brandon.

New Wash Goods.

The novel by variety and beauty of New Wash Goods excel any previous showing and are sure to command the interest of all who favor us with inspection. Among the most popular lines are the Puckered Crepones in beautiful colorings, suitable for evening wear. Swiss Organdies in the Painter's lines. Empress Grenadiennes, soft and so silky in effect that the compare favorably with Japanese Silks. Vanic Shaped Organdies in Linen Enes, with colored stripes—in Helio, Nile, Pink and Quinquise grounds. Parisian Crinkles are among the latest novelties for summer wear. Printed Dimeters, Azure Prints, Japanese Crepes, from 8c to 45c per yard. Please Cloths for Blouses and House Wrappers are the correct thing. In Prints we show 800 different patterns—colors guaranteed.

Dress Goods, Silks and Trimmings.

The new stock is larger and handsomer than you have ever looked through here. Many of the extreme novelties are in dress lengths so that making your choice from those you avoid wearing the same kind of a dress as your neighbor and practically monopolize the style, as no where else in Brandon will you find the same goods.

Cashmeres, Serges and Henriettes in all the latest colorings, silk and Wool mixtures, fancy designs, neat small patterns and beautiful colorings. Silk and Wool Brocade. Anaroses, neat patterns, very silky in appearance, in dress lengths, from 50c to \$1.40 each. All-wool and Silk Novelty Suitings, in Browns, Greens, Navy and Grey. Cordurette and Irish Road Suitings, the correct thing for heavy wear.

NEW SILKS—in endless variety—Stripes, Checks, Dresden and Brocades.

NEW TRIMMINGS—Broad Gimps, Braid Loops and Broad ribbons are again prominent. Zouave Waist and Boleros in jets. Silk Braid and Lace are very pretty and effective.

Ladies' Neckwear Novelties.

Lace and Ribbon Stocks, Chenille Collarettes, Chiffon Ruffles, Muslin and Valenciennes point.

FOR THE GENTLEMEN. We are showing an enormous range of Neckwear, Gloves, Suspenders, Hats, try, etc.

New Hats! New Hats!

The '97 styles are here in all the leading shapes and shades. We are agents for the celebrated Clarity Hats.

NATION & SHEWAN.
BRANDON'S
BARGAIN STORE

ACCOUNT OF THE BIG PRIZE FIGHT

FITZ. WINS!

THE CHAMPION SUCCUMBS TO A TERRIFIC BLOW.

Fitz hits Corbett on the Heart in the Fourteenth Round.

Corbett, 17—Shortly after 6 a. m. the principals began dressing for the fight.

The principals accompanied by their seconds and trainers reached the arena at 10 o'clock. W. Muldoon, starter, was selected as official timekeeper. Jimmy Colville, of Boston, acted the watch for "Jim," and Tom Houseman, of Chicago, for "Fitz."

At 12 o'clock the arena was one-half full, 417 tickets having been sold on mutual combination board. Green, Hawkins for favor combination. Corbett, Smith and Sharkey next best line. Fitz is headed. Pompadour Jim received the most applause. Seconds lined the gloves on to the men at 2:30. Fitz walking around ring chatting pleasantly with those in close proximity. Corbett does a little jig. Both men in best of shape. Time called by referee G. Siler. Muldoon introduces time keepers and referee. Fighters strip. Men are waiting for an opening.

Ring Side, 11.—Billy Madden from the announcer has deposited \$25,000 with Warren Lewis, of New York, in behalf of Joe Goddard to fight the winner, also says Sharkey has placed in the journal's hands with the object in view.

Ring Side, 11-12.—Corbett and his companions are undergoing final preparations. It is estimated that there are 2,000 people seated now and another special train to arrive.

Ring Side, 13.—Billy Jordan, the well-known old-time master of ceremonies, of San Francisco, is in the ring and announces that he is there in behalf of Frank B. Dunn, of Boston, to challenge the winners of the recent Fitzsimmons fight to fight John Sullivan for \$5,000 and will deposit \$10,000 with the New York Journal. John L. Sullivan jumped into the ring and said: "Gentlemen, there is nothing I can add to Mr. Jordan's remarks. I think there is one more thing left in me. I am here for business."

Round 1.—Men sparring for opening. Fitz forcing Jim to corner, tries to swing, which Jim avoids. Jim swings, Fitz lands light on Jim's ribs. Jim hits and lands left on Fitz's head, follows with left hook on Fitz's chin but no damage is done. Corbett lands right swing on Fitz's ribs. Fitz lands left on Jim's head, lands hard right on Fitz's chin and Fitz lands heavy right on Jim's head. Jim says "ah" and "ah." Jim lands right on Fitz's ribs.

Round 2.—Corbett advances to the center for a minute, clinches with no damage. Fitz, short on feet, left swing, more clinching. Round 3.—Jim very cautious and waiting for a short opening, lands two blows on Fitz's head. Fitz swings and left and lands lightly on Fitz's head.

Round 4.—Both men very lively on feet. Jim lands hard left, Jim's left hand jab on Fitz's nose.

Round 5.—Jim lands left on Fitz's head, again, Jim repeats blow. Fitz's nose is hard but not as frequent as before, they clinch and exchange comments with one another. Jim lands a slow left. First blood for Jim. Jim lands left on Jim's neck. Jim swings still half round left on Fitz's head, drawing blood. They mix and clinch best of it, landing another blow on body and left on chin.

Round 6.—They clinch and Fitz tries to swing Jim down, Jim lands right on Fitz's face. Corbett tries, Jim swings on jaw, and Jim hits Fitz's nose. Fitz, literally, with blood, but is fighting like a champion. Jim shows signs of weakness. Fitz, down on one knee and takes time limit, he is full of blood. On rising Corbett is slaughtered with upper cuts. Jim's leads are missed, many well intended.

Time called with Fitz, much weaker. Round 7.—Jim forcing, missing, landing at head and Jim upper cuts. Round 8.—Fitz, bleeding again, looking like a lion. Both looking somewhat dazed. Jim lands light on Fitz's mouth. Fitz, miss left and left swings. Fitz tries left and is hit on his feet, gets left on Jim in mouth. Fitz tries right and cross but Jim ducks. Fitz lands on Jim's face and Jim counters on Fitz's body, sparring for wind. Fitz has worst of round when gong rings.

Round 9.—Both very active on their feet. Fitz rushed Corbett, no damage, swinging with right and break away, lands right and left swing on Fitz's jaw and tries right across Jim's face.

Round 10.—Fitz spits blood and tries to swing on Corbett's head. Fitz lands back with still left and right on Fitz's head. He is very much weaker than Jim at this stage. Fitz swings a left swing with a straight left on mouth. Fitz, bleeding rapidly, lands on Jim's neck, apparently being a stronger man. They mix it up and fighters are about even. Both fighting hard. Fitz clinches Jim

around neck and drags him to ropes when time is called.

Round 11.—Jim lands left on Fitz's mouth, Jim's blows lacking force. Jim lands right on ribs and is countered a left jab on chin. Fitz is receiver general for Jim's left, best of rounds. Fitz fights Jim to his corner and has him weak as gong sounds.

Round 12.—Jim rushes it, misses left and is countered on face. Fitz is bent on rushing in and Jim is keeping away. Fitz gets worst of it in neck. More clinching. Fitz spits copious wads of blood. Jim forces Fitz to ropes and smashes hand on short ribs. Jim now rushing and lands one or two on Fitz's face.

Round 13.—Fitz lands short right on Jim's ribs and left on jaw. Jim finds Fitz with good left. Fitz rushes Jim to corner but does little damage. Jim jabs Fitz lightly and repeats on body, Fitz gets left on face again and follows with right at body, tries right upper cut for knockout but is away short. This is Corbett's round.

Round 14.—Jim leads, blocked; Jim lands that left jab on Fitz's head, Fitz counters with that terrible right swing on Jim's neck and he has Jim going back for a few moments. Fitz lands terrible and he collapsed. The last round lasted just one minute and forty-five seconds. Fitz wins in 14th round.

"Our Native Herbs" cheapest and best cure for blood diseases on earth. Endorsed by Hon. Dr. Harrison, the mayor, ex-mayors and business men of Neepawa, where 1200 boxes have been sold during the past 20 months. 200 days medicine, a graduated dose glass, and a guarantee to cure all blood diseases, or refund the price, —\$1.25. Bottled mysteries cost \$28.00 for 200 days treatment—contemplate.

A MESSAGE TO MEN.
Proving That True Honesty and True Philanthropy Still Exist.

If any man, who is weak, nervous and debilitated, or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from youthful folly, excesses or overwork, will take heart and write to me, I will send him confidentially and free of charge the plan by which I was completely restored to perfect health and manhood, after years of suffering from Nervous Debility, Loss of Vigor and Organic Weakness.

I have nothing to sell, and therefore want no money, but as I know through my own experience how to sympathize with such sufferers, I am glad to be able to assist any fellow-beings to a cure. I am well aware of the prevalence of quackery, for I myself was deceived and imposed upon until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but I rejoice to say that I am now perfectly well and happy once more and am desirous, therefore, to make this certain means of cure known to all. If you will write to me you can rely on being cured and the proud satisfaction of having been of great service to one in need will be sufficient reward for my trouble. Absolute secrecy assured. Send 5c silver to cover postage and address, Mr. Geo. G. Strong, North Rockwood, Mich. 1 yr.

A Prominent Citizen.



Mr. Thos. Bennett, for over 22 years in business as a wholesale and retail butcher, gives his experience with the now famous remedy, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

"Gentlemen, I have for a long time been afflicted with extreme nervousness, and ailments resulting therefrom. Frequently I had sharp pains under my heart. At times my memory was blurred, which was a great annoyance to me in my business, causing me to forget orders which were given to me, and my attention had to be called to such matters frequently. Very often there was a sort of mist came before my eyes, and I was extremely dizzy. One of the worst features was that business matters of small importance seemed exaggerated forms, and I could not do them. At times I would wake up in the morning and find that I had a sort of a cold again, and I could not sleep. So unstrung were my nerves that I had fits of nervousness occasionally, and cold sensations would run down my back. The least excitement or noise startled me and set my heart fluttering."

"I have taken a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Mr. H. W. Lewis's drug store, corner Broadview and Dunsmuir-avenues. They restored my nerves to their normal condition, and gave up my system to such an extent that all the distressing ailments I have mentioned have completely disappeared. I say without any qualification whatever that they are a splendid medicine for shattered nerves and for attending evils. I cannot too highly praise the wonderful virtues of these pills in all cases of heart trouble."

(Signed) THOMAS BENNETT, Newcastle, Ont.

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For the next two weeks we will sell all our Trimmed Hats, Felt Sailors, Walking Hats and Tams at and below cost. Also a large assortment of Stamped Goods and Wools. We will be pleased to have you call.

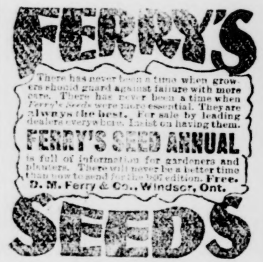
THE "GEM" MILLINERY STROE.

Opposite Flemming Block. Rosser Avenue.

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TRAIL AND WEST KOOTENAY, B.C.

Has Mines and Prospects for sale. Owns and has for sale Town Lots in Trail and Bur Park. Will buy stock at bottom figures, and will protect outside investors.



IF YOU WANT SOMETHING GOOD TRY A PACKAGE OF

Blue Ribbon Tea.

STRONG, FRAGRANT AND DELICIOUS

Packed expressly for

A. M. PERCIVAL, Grocer

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DIRECT ROUTE TO ALL EASTERN PORTS.

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Direct Connection with Ocean Steamers at

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Baggage checked to European Destination.

KASLO, NELSON, and

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Kootenay and Selkirk Slopes.

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NEW ZEALAND.

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JUST SOUTH OF AND CLOSE TO NEW C.P.R. DEPOT. TENTH STREET, BETWEEN ROSSER AND PACIFIC AVENUES...

GOOD HORSES AND RIGS

AT SHORTEST NOTICE. DRIVERS FURNISHED WHEN REQUIRED.....

BRANDON. MAN.

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Head Quarters

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HORSES AND HARNESS

OUR HORSES HAVE ARRIVED.

From the fact we handle more Horses than any two firms in the province, we can give a man the best variety to choose from; we buy direct from the breeder, and pay spot cash, which saves the farmer the middleman's commission.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stables

Open 6 days in the week.

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SIXTH STREET, BRANDON, MAN.

TELEPHONE NO. 35

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Miller Block, Brandon.

The Mail \$1 a year

Men Wanted SHOW US THE MAN...

Who does not feel within himself the strong appeal to wear a handsome, neat fitting Suit of Clothes, such as we are making for \$15, \$16, \$18 and \$20. If there be such, send him to us and he will be convinced—that neither our goods or fit can be surpassed by any other house in the tailoring line. We carry the best of goods in the market. If you don't know you can get a nice pair of Pants made here for \$3.50 and \$4, come and see. The same goods will cost you \$5 and \$6 in other places.

We also carry a large line of Ready-made Clothing and Men's Furnishings—Shirts of all kinds, Underwear in wools and Balbrakan, for summer wear; also a splendid line of Neckties all shades and colors, these we sell on a very small margin.

Working people and farmers will consult their own interests to come to us for their everyday Working Clothes, Pants, Smocks and Overalls. We make all our own goods in these lines, in our factory at Winnipeg, and can give you the best value in these goods.

Come in and see our New Spring Hats and Caps—we have them in all styles and qualities.

All Winter Goods will be sold at cost and under to clear out. This stock consists of Overcoats, Ulsters, Pea-jackets. Underwear, &c.

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EMERSON & HAGUE

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JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

is what you will get every time in our Prescription Department. We strive to deserve your utmost confidence as to SKILL, PURE DRUGS, and FAIR PRICES. Bring your Family Receipts as well as your Doctor's Prescriptions, they will require equal care.

N. J. HALPIN

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST. BRANDON.

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done every day. Chopping 8 cents per hundred, and Gristing 15 cents per bushel for which we give the best grade of Lily Patent. Satisfaction assured all patrons

ALEXANDER, KELLY & CO.

LET FALL THE RUIN.

[The Ottoman empire.]
Let fall the ruin, propped by Europe's hand!
Its tottering walls are but a nest of crime!
Slayers and ravishers in licensed bands
Swarm darkly forth to shame the face of time.
False, imbecile and cruel, kept in place
Not by the natural force, but by the fear
Of foes with hand on hip, even by the grace
Of rivals not blood-guilty all these years!
Aye, let the ruin fall, and from its stones
Rebuild a civic temple pure and fair.
Where freedom is not alien, where the groans
Of dying and ravished Jordan not the air.
—Richard Watson Gilder in Century.

MAURICE SANDYS.

"This is Lanstead, is it?" said Maurice Sandys, leaning forward a little and looking out of the carriage window at the cypress of wind-broken houses perched here and there among the rocks of his birthplace. "I don't remember it so black as this," withdrawing sharply from the curious gaze of the handful of men and women who had braved wind and rain to witness the home coming of their landlord.

"They're a black and bitter set," quoth the nearest Cornishman to his wife, "but there never was a Sandys yet as weren't good to look on, and man as fair o' face as man's father was, and m'appen as hard hearted."

Maurice Sandys heard and laughed a little. "Truth will out," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Isn't it almost a pity you troubled yourself to fetch me home, Drysdale? Lanstead doesn't seem to hunger for my presence as much as you represented."

"I only did my duty," said the Rev. John Drysdale stiffly. "There is always plenty of help needed at Lanstead in the winter time, as I told you, Sandys."

"Yes, you did," Maurice Sandys said, sinking back into his corner with a shiver. "I wish you'd draw up the window, Drysdale. The air cuts like a knife, and I don't want to benefit the Lanstead undertaker earlier than is absolutely necessary. Am we at the house? Ugh, how cold it is. No, I don't want helping out, thanks, my good fellow," passing by a man servant's proffered arm and going slowly up the shallow steps, followed by the clergyman. "Well, Mrs. Mallow, how are you?" He gave the group of servants a careless nod and smile and went straight into the dining room, still followed by Mr. Drysdale.

"A glorious fire," he said, holding out his thin, brown hands to the pleasant warmth. "But, all the same, Drysdale, I wish you'd let me to die in the south. Lanstead doesn't want me, and I don't want Lanstead. Well, you'll dine with me tonight? No? Why not? You know how I hate being alone, Drysdale."

"I'm very sorry, but my wife will expect me," Mr. Drysdale said ungraciously. "You are old enough to be able to amuse yourself, Sandys. Good night."

"Good night. And now," Maurice Sandys said, standing up and looking down the long room, with a smile half humorous and half bitter, "how am I to amuse myself? I wonder! Here, my good fellow, you needn't lay that table. I'm not going to dine alone. Bring me a cup of black coffee and some dry biscuits, if there's any in the place. And ask Mrs. Mallow what time the posts go out."

"Yes, sir," The footman hurried out with a second look, and Maurice Sandys threw himself into the nearest easy chair—a monk's bench in finely carved black oak—and dropped his head on his hands. "Cold as death here," he muttered. "I wonder who I came away. Did Drysdale really touch my conscience, or was it that Nice boyed me? The worse reason, I expect, to be in keeping with my life. Is that you, Mrs. Mallow?"

"Yes, Mr. Maurice. I have brought you your coffee, sir. I thought," said the housekeeper nervously, "you might have orders to give."

"No, you must manage by yourself, Mrs. Mallow," Maurice Sandys said, taking the coffee cup from her. "I'm certain you can do it very well. You see," he carelessly looked up at her, "you won't have to keep house for me here."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sandys," faltered the housekeeper.

"Did not Mr. Drysdale tell you that I was coming home to die, Mrs. Mallow? Some one should have done so," Maurice Sandys said quietly. "I'm afraid I've started you. Sit down."

"No, thank you, sir. I—I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Sandys. Perhaps your native air—"

"My native air has knocked half a dozen more nails in my coffin already," said her master rather sharply. "Never mind—only Mr. Drysdale should have told me that this place damp? The room is horribly cold."

"Let me put some more wood on the fire, Mr. Sandys. John says you won't dine tonight, sir. Will you stop, then? No! A glass of hot mulled wine before you go to bed, at least, sir."

"Yes, if you like," Maurice Sandys set down his empty coffee cup and began to crumble a biscuit between his fingers. "Have you been long at Lanstead, Mrs. Mallow?"

"Seven years, sir."

"Ah, thanks," the housekeeper deftly slipped a cushion between his tired head and the hard carved arm of the monk's bench. "That's better. Tell them to make up a big fire in my bedroom, and that is all, I think, Mrs. Mallow."

"Thank you, sir, and good night. I hope you will be better tomorrow, Mr. Sandys."

"Thank you," Maurice Sandys said, looking up at her with a curious smile. "Perhaps I shall be. Good night, Mrs. Mallow."

The landlord that had overwhelmed half Lanstead village had found ready hands and stout hearts to withstand it, and after a few hours work the doctor of the—th regiment, Mr. Drysdale and two curates, Miss Drysdale and a half a dozen strong Cornish women and a score of private had done all that mere men and women could do to rescue the living caught in the stranglehold of death. And now the rescuers began to die about them and exchange a few words of sympathy or of congratulation.

"You here? What are you doing, sir, knocking about here still? I thought I recommended you to go home an hour ago." The doctor turned and caught the strange figure of an uncomprehending grip.

"What are you doing here?" looking him up and down with keen professional attention. "Why, don't you know you're ill, sir—ill enough to be in bed? What business have you here?"

"Every business," said the young man, looking at him with a pair of brilliant dark eyes. "I'm Maurice Sandys." Then he laughed and caught his breath. "You see, I'm no interloper, after all."

"Man alive, are you seeking your death?" Dr. Lysaght cried tragically. "Every min-

ute you stop in this snow and this wind is taking a year off your life."

"I'm a bit ill," Maurice Sandys said, with a half smile, "because I'm going to stop some time."

"I wash my hands of you," Edward Lysaght retorted angrily, and Maurice Sandys turned to go back to the people who needed heart so much. One by one they were guided across the snow into safety, and at last there were left in the land only Maurice Sandys, the Irish doctor and a couple of laborers from Lanbery. "Are you satisfied now, Mr. Sandys?" the doctor asked satirically, "or would you like to picnic here till tonight? Hold up, my boy," moving quickly forward as Maurice Sandys stepped, his hand pressed to his side. "Here, my good fellow, bear a hand."

"No, I'll walk," Maurice Sandys interrupted, setting his teeth to keep back a groan. "If you'll let me have your arm."

"It's an ill omen to go in infinite anguish to return journey was made, and then the man who had saved 70 men of Lanstead gave up fighting against his pain and was carried up to his bedroom—he refused to be laid in any of the lower rooms—and he ministered to as tenderly as possible, but with definite result. Presently, however, the rapid breathing quieted a little, and something of color came into the gray face pressed against the cushion in the big chair—he had absolutely declined to lie down on his bed—and now he pulled himself upright in the chair and held out his hand to Drysdale.

"Well, Jack? Did I frighten your sister very badly? Tell her—afterward—how sorry I was."

"Did you know what you were doing?" Mr. Drysdale asked hurriedly. "It was willfully throwing your life away if you did, Maurice."

"I was always a good runner," Maurice Sandys said, smiling across at Lysaght, "but I didn't expect you to approve, Jack."

"I—He stopped short, biting his lips to keep back a groan. "Of course I deserve this for playing the fool with angina pectoris," he whispered, as Lysaght bent hastily over him, "but—can't you chloroform me and put me out of my pain, doctor?"

Dr. Lysaght shook his head.

"Commit murder with a pillar of the church not more than a yard away? Not I, Mr. Sandys. Besides, you're not going to die just yet."

"No?" Maurice Sandys writhed around in his chair and pressed his tortured face into the pillow again. "For God's sake, how much longer must I stand this?"

"Two or three hours," Lysaght said gently. "My dear lad, I wish you didn't take so much killing, but it won't be as bad as this all the time."

"Ah, thank God!" Maurice Sandys whispered as the paroxysm passed. "There are no business affairs to see to. My will is over them in my desk, and you must put me away underground as quickly as you can. Lysaght, will you give me some water? My mouth's like a kiln. Drysdale!"

"Yes, my dear fellow."

"It makes me sick to think of the vault—but, wretchedly, would it be playing fair? My father and mother and all the other Sandys are down there. What noise is that, Lysaght?"

"Some of the Lanstead men cheering outside," Dr. Lysaght said quickly. "Call to your sister and young Stebbing, Drysdale, and tell them to go down to the men and send them off. Tell them to say Mr. Sandys is dropping his voice almost to a whisper—must not be disturbed—that he is dying."

"Nothing of the sort," Maurice Sandys said in a strong voice. "I'll see them myself. No, I'm not wandering, Drysdale. Lysaght knows that. Give me a hand up, will you, doctor? Thanks," as Gerald Stebbing came quietly up to him and threw a soft plaid over his shoulders—one Maud Drysdale had been wearing an hour before. "Open the window, will you, doctor? Who's there in the balcony, Miss Drysdale?"

Maud Drysdale turned with a little cry and caught at the hand he held out to her. "Oh, Mr. Sandys. You are better? And I was afraid!"

"Much better," Maurice Sandys said quietly, holding up his free hand to check the wild cheer that greeted him. "The house don't cheer me. I only ran; the person here worked." He leaned forward a little more, speaking louder. "If you want to cheer, choose Dr. Lysaght and the men who worked under him. Cheer them and do it with a will. Shut the window, please."

He regained his armchair without Stebbing's help and set down with a deprecating glance at Maud Drysdale.

"They make me feel ashamed," he said rather breathlessly. "I wish—"

"I wish to pale and shaken you look," Maud said solemnly. "Shall I get you a little wine, Mr. Sandys?"

"No, thanks. Yes, perhaps you'd better. The special port, Mrs. Mallow knows. It will put a little more life in me, my child." Then as the girl hurried away: "Go after her, Stebbing, and keep her out of the room a quarter of an hour. I shan't take more. Shake hands."

The curate hastened after Maud, and now Maurice Sandys lifted his head and looked straight into Edward Lysaght's eyes.

"You were wrong, doctor," he said, trying to speak without a gasp between each word. "I'm going. Shut the window, Drysdale. I'm cold."

"My dear Maurice, it is shut."

"Don't let her come in," the master of Lanstead said, glancing at the door. "I should be frightened here."

"Lifted a fold of Maud's plaid in his nerveless hands and covered his face with it, and so lay for a minute or two. Then Dr. Lysaght went to his side and uncovered his face gently. But Maurice Sandys had no more need of air—Black and White.

THE PICTURE.

A little lady, a very young knight—just a girl and a boy in each other's sight—Oh, their smiling faces were clear and bright, Their voices and actions as good as daylight. Gold and lace and pearls had she, And he was superb as a lad could be. Their cheeks were rosy, their hearts were light, As they danced then a measure on Christmas night.

"Twas, 'Ah, my lady!' and 'Yes, my lord!' And he touched as lightly his jeweled sword As if it were a flower, yet he knew, with a pride, The trick of the weapon that doctored his side. And she—why, the very sweep of her gown Told how in valor and grand renown From sire to son, through court and camp, The name she bore had been handed down. And what was her name? And who was the boy?

The pair danced in their stately joy! I do not know, and I hardly care. Their story is neither here nor there. For girls and boys, young, merry and fair, Gladden our festal everywhere. They thrive and flourish today as then—The little ladies, the little men. And, grand or humble, their hearts are light When they read then a measure on Christmas night.

—Mary Mapes Dodge in St. Nicholas.

THE OPAL SKULL.

Of all places to oppress one with the fruitlessness of life there is none like unto the southern portion of the Colorado river. Other rivers, notably such a one as the Gila, may flow through as barren a country, but the desolation is different. It is suggestive of what you see in the Colorado, at the south, rolls lifelessly across a land that is of a past so hopelessly dead, so far away, that there is neither memory of it remaining nor chance of resurrection of its vanished bones. There seems always to be visible from its banks—like banks they can be called—some faint, blue gray mountain peak off in the distance, beyond the plain with its rare groups of cottonwoods and its occasional lonely adobe. And there is something that makes one sad and restless in the sight of those misty lines of mountains, something a thousandfold more depressing than in a prairie that meets its own unbroken horizon.

Evening, which seems the only time that should ever be there, was coming upon this country of forgotten oases. There was no color anywhere. The yellow of the sky was a pale glimmer over the whitening blue, the green of the trees was dulled by the dust and the twilight, the country was a level, dun stretch and the mountains, far, far away, were only a shading of uncertain blue. There was but one house in sight, an adobe, a dozen or less from the river, but there was no sign or sound of life except the quiet rattling of the cottonwood leaves in the evening wind.

Yet in among the willows by the river was a small, canvas covered wagon. Two little bronchos were hobbled near by, and a man and his wife were sitting in the wagon. A little dry wood, so near the stream, and he went out into the open in front of the adobe. He was in no hurry. All the night before him, so he stood, with his thumbs hooked in his cartridge belt, looking at the house. He wondered if it would be worth his while to make acquaintance of the "gracers" who undoubtedly inhabited it.

They might offer him hospitality for the night, but he had learned by experience that Mexican hospitality usually implies dirt, and his white shirt was a question in his mind whether a blanket under the wagon would be preferable. And while he debated the flat board door of the adobe opened, and a woman came out. She was slender, therefore she was young. So reasoned the man, who knew Mexicans. More than that he could not say. After a time she went back into the house, and he felt to gathering sticks.

When the moon rose and he, having finished his supper, was sitting beside the dying campfire, peacefully smoking, the low willows parted, and the girl of the adobe stood near him. She was pretty in the ideal Mexican way—red and full lips, brightly colored, large eyes, and two great braids of purple black hair, and she was dressed with surprising neatness in a fresh white frock and crude pink ribbons. "Ah, I beg your pardon, senor. I knew not that you wear hair," she cried, starting back.

The man rose. He was aware that it was totally improbable that she had not seen him when she had been standing in the doorway. He was also aware that she had heard the sound of his horse's hoofs. Nevertheless he spoke and said, "Senorita, I will go away. And he stood quite still.

"Ah, no! Not must be to go," she said, and she, too, stood still. "Eet ces zat I come each night here to seeet, an I knew not zat you wear hair," she repeated.

"It gives me much pleasure to see you. Will you not sit here with me?" He spread a blanket on the ground near the bright coals and motioned to her with a deep bow to be seated. She took her place, and he, stretching himself at her feet, leaning upon one elbow, offered her a cigarette.

"I have a transparent very soon, was Anita. Anita Mander. His bold face, was Richard Lovell. They fell a talking, and he did what was expected of him—made desperate love instantly—while she did what he had expected her to do—responded with only enough reserve to keep up the illusion of flirtation. Principles of severity must flourish upon mountain heights, may withstand great temptation, but on the southern prairies of a summer night, when the moon is full and shedding gold light through the willows, and a slow river trickles by, and the only voices are those of a man and a woman, and a Mexican woman, and the woman is beautiful, reality is at white, and principles melt like hard, white pearls in wine. Here in the half tropic southwest, with an unwise child of 16, of an amorous race, the rather lax code of honor of Richard Lovell fell from him. He told her what he felt.

"I am born here," she said, "even at home. But when I was twelve years I came to San Diego to school, an zero I English learn. I speak not much English now, for zat I have only my muzzer an my bruzzer, who zey speak but Spanish, an Carlos can English speak, but he like set not."

"Who is Carlos, sweetheart?"

"He ces my sweetheart, w'at I to marry him an."

"Where is he?" The young man drew a little away and sat erect.

"He ces zat he is in Concepcion. He had one mine for Carlos ces zat he is in time reach. He come to see me Sunday. Do you note Spanish speak—talk, sare?"

"No; just a few words. And where is your brother?"

"He ces zat he is in Concepcion. He weel tomorrow w'at Carlos ces zat he is in time reach. He come to see me Sunday. Do you note Spanish speak—talk, sare?"

Lovell understood. He returned gradually his posture of adoration. When the cigarettes were finished, he held her hands, and in time he put his arm about her and kissed her and forgot all the maxims of wisdom that had ever been taught to him. So they sat, to all purposes alone in the prairie, she with her black head upon his

shoulder, he encircling the soft, warm fingers.

"What is that ring?" he asked, turning and toying with the only one she wore.

"Eet ces Carlos. He geef eet to me. Weel you see?" She drew it off. "Eet you weel one match light."

He struck a wax one and held it to the ring. It was an opal set in silver and carved in the shape of a skull. Lovell knew enough of stones to understand the difficulty of cutting an opal. He knew the skill and patience it must require to shape it like this one. There was probably not another like it in the world; certainly he had never seen it if there were. In the flickering light it gleamed and sparkled blue and red and yellow fires, and the jaws seemed to contort themselves into a grin.

"How wonderful!" he ejaculated.

"Yes," answered Anita.

He was seized with a wild desire to obtain it, and he played boldly for it. "Do you love me, Anita, sweetheart, beautiful?" he whispered, taking her face in his hands and looking into her eyes.

She uttered a faint but sincere "Yes."

He kissed her again, not once, but many times. "If you love me, Anita, you must give me the ring to remember you by—a keepsake."

She slipped it into his hand.

"Ah, no! Geef eet to me," she cried of a sudden.

"Carlos, he tell me zat eet ces very w'at you say—note nice Ricky."

"Then he said he give it to you?"

"He say eet ces for a man, note for a woman, zat eet ces like zat."

"I expect Carlos wanted to keep you from giving it away."

"No. He say zat one man w'at keep eet for life year, he die sure."

"I am not afraid. I would be glad to die for your ring for even a year."

"No. Geef eet back to me."

"Then you do not love me," he said dejectedly. "You are like all women, you are glad to break a man's heart."

"No, no. I love you. You can keep eet. I weel tell Carlos I lose eet."

At the moment her mother called to her from the adobe. She threw her plump arms about the American's neck and said a clinging goodby, as if her heart were sadly wrong. And for the time being she was in a desperate earnest.

At daybreak he saw two horsemen, both Mexicans, ride up to the house. He guessed that they were the man Manana and Carlos, and he hitched up the team quickly and went in a fashion that suggested flight, taking the ring with him.

Now, it happened, such things will happen in the next week that Carlos Valera grew very rich within a few months and went to live in San Diego with his wife, and that they were much courted and sought after, for Valera was generous and well mannered and not ill looking, and Senora Valera was bewitching, a type more than locally famous for her beauty, and she possessed of a charm that is peculiar to women of her race who have learned the usages of the world. They kept open house in the grand way of the wealthy Spanish-Americans of not so long ago. Never a day passed that more than one total stranger was not entertained. Thus it came about that upon a spring evening some years after her marriage Senora Valera greeted with lovely ease and grace a guest whom her husband brought home with him, Mr. Richard Lovell of Los Angeles. But as she greeted him she glanced down at his hands and saw that he wore the opal skull. She turned to her husband and said in English that was perfect now, though made dainty by a slight lisp: "Carlos, dear, will you see if I left my opal and diamond pin on my dressing stand? I think I took it out to wear and forgot it. I don't want it to get lost like that other opal you gave me before we were married. I'm afraid they are really unlucky stones. Don't you think so, Mr. Lovell? Would you mind going for it, Carlos?"

Valera left the room.

"Mr. Lovell, take off that ring while you are here," she said calmly.

"I have never taken it off, and I'm sorry that I can't do so now."

"If Mr. Valera sees it, he will be as apt to kill you as not. He is very jealous."

"I fear he has not reason."

"Kindly keep your opinions where such unpleasant ones properly belong—in your own consciousness. You will be wise to do as I say and to be quick. Do you know that the five years is up tonight?"

"I doubt that sort of superstition. As I told you before, I'm not afraid. Perhaps you are though? It is natural you should be. I will tell you what I will do. I'll take the ring and put it in my pocket—he slipped it off and held it between his thumb and finger—"if you will kiss me again as you did that night."

"I will not. You will have forgotten that silliness of mine by now if you had been fortunate enough to be a gentleman."

"Never. Not all those caresses and protestations. Come, kiss me again, and I'll hide the ring."

"No," Valera will finish hunting for a pin that isn't there. Perhaps he will find it. It certainly will if he sees the ring."

"Then kiss me."

"I will not. Be quick. I hear him coming. Quick!"

"Kiss me. You'd better for your own sake."

"No."

"Then don't."

"Oh, hide that ring. Do for me."

"Kiss me."

"Well, kiss me then."

He put his hands on her shoulders and bent his head. He did not see Valera step into the French window, but he knew that the woman pulled away from him with a loud "How dare you!" and a scream—"Carlos, Carlos, help me!"

And then he felt something sharp driven deep between the shoulders, and as he fell backward Senora Valera grasped at the ring and caught it from his hand. She put her own hand to her throat in the accepted fashion of the conventional faint, and as she did so dropped the jewel into the bosom of her gown. Then she lost consciousness.

The story she told her husband was one of unprovoked impertinence on the part of an utter stranger, a man she had never seen before, and the story he told the world was much the same, but slightly embellished. It was not plausible, yet it passed. It excused the murder without any great difficulty, and it was something of a feather in the cap of the beautiful Mexican, for this was in the early days.

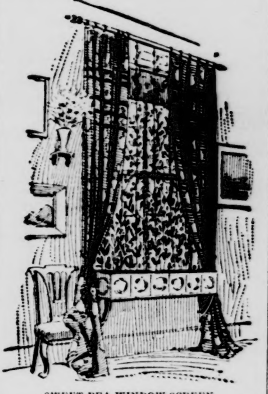
Senora Valera ground the opal skull to bits with a heavy stone and kept the chips in a locked, until one day she found an excuse to drive to the cemetery and scatter them upon Lovell's grave.—Gwendolen Overton in Argonaut.



UTILIZING THE SWEET PEA.

A Pretty Hedge—Fragrant Window Screen. Sweet Pea Fountain.

Everybody may not know that an attractive as well as effective hedge may be obtained with sweet peas in a shorter time than with most other plants. A florist in The Ladies' Home Journal cites as an example a hedge 90 feet long used to separate the clothes drying space from the more attractive grounds. Abundant support was furnished in an arrangement of cedar poles and telegraph wire, the former being planted as a tripod at each end of the rows, with the wire attached at the foot of the outside poles and where the poles crossed. The wires were drawn tight and supported at regular distances for the vines to attach themselves, fine linen twine being carried from wire to wire and soon covered, so that at a little distance the vines



SWEET PEA WINDOW SCREEN.

seemed to stand alone. The poles of the tripods rose some distance above their crossings, and these were soon decorated with the bells of the morning glory, so similar in its variety of colorings to that of the sweet pea.

The sweet pea is also suggested for a screen against the ugliness visible from many back windows.

Given a long, narrow box for this purpose, with a simple trellis work of ordinary wire or twine, well pulverized and enriched earth, with a small addition of sand and a moderate amount of sunshine—sweet pea vines being easily scorched—and a pretty window, a fragrant room, and plenty of blossoms for cutting may be confidently counted on, says the authority quoted, and an accompanying illustration verifies the statement. Following are additional notes gleaned from the same source:

A peculiarity of sweet peas is that the higher they are trained the more profusely they will bloom, and if all fading blossoms are removed before they can go to seed a constant succession of bloom is secured. A pretty garden device is a sweet pea fountain, which is produced by planting a tall upright spire firmly in the ground and attaching the skeleton of an umbrella to it at the top. The vines planted at its base will climb and droop from the edge of the umbrella, the unfolding blossoms and sprays disposing themselves in such fashion that the idea of a floral fountain is easily suggested.

As a winter plant the sweet pea is not so satisfactory as one could wish. It has been sometimes tried in a hanging basket and coaxed into moderate bloom amid winter snows, but it does not take kindly to such conditions.

A Trio of Injurious Insects. At the forty-second annual meeting of the Western New York Horticultural society three insects injurious to nursery stock received attention: First, the peach tree borer, for which no preventive is known. The only remedy so far discovered is to dig the borers out in June or July. Second, woolly aphis, or plant lice. The remedy for this is kerosene emulsion used on the limbs and leaves of the plant. Third, the San Jose scale. This disease is present in New York, Delaware, Maryland and Ohio, also on Long Island. Whale oil soap, two pounds to a gallon of water, will kill all it covers, but some are certain to be missed, and Mr. Willard and others urged the necessity of the utmost care and watchfulness for this pest.

In Your Planting. Bear in mind that all large, quick growing plants such as canna, castor bean plants, caladiums, musas, large leaved solanums, etc., require generous doses of manure—in fact, you can hardly overdo it. Gardening says common sense will tell you that any plant that reaches the size and robustness that any of the above will in one season if well grown must have a well filled storehouse of nutritious food to draw upon.

Fruit Notes. The Newport muskmelon is described as the highest flavored, most luscious green fleshed variety grown, and remarkably early.

The Timbrel strawberry is a fine late pistillate variety.

Lovett's Best blackberry is generally hardy and bears a profusion of large berries that ripen early in the season.

Anemone Whirlwind, a semidouble form of the white Japan anemone, continues to grow in favor.

Clothilde Souppert is recommended by eastern florists as one of the best roses for bedding.

A popular crimson variety for forcing is the Meteor rose.

The Golden Gate rose is a free bloomer. The Greenville apple is a promising sort produced from seed of the fall Maiden Blush.

HOW TO ROAST BEEF.

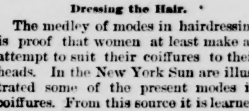
Temperature of the Oven—A Prime Pot Roast.

When beef is to be roasted, it should be placed in a very hot oven at first, so that the surface will be quickly browned, thus making a coating by which the juices of the meat will all be retained. The temperature of the oven should then be lowered and the meat cooked slowly and be frequently basted, unless it is in a covered pan. The time allowed for roasting a large piece of beef is usually 12 minutes for every pound and 12 minutes for the pan, writes a contributor to the New York Sun, and authority for the following:

Top a piece of beef for roasting do not wash it, but wipe it off with a damp cloth. Place it in a baking pan, rub some beef drippings over the top and dredge the top and sides with flour. Put in the pan a couple of spoonfuls of drippings. Water should not be added if you wish the roast to be a nice brown, and do not add the salt and pepper to the pan until after the surface of the meat has been well browned. Remember that after the first 20 minutes roast beef requires a moderate oven and baste the meat frequently with its own drippings from the pan. If there is danger of the gravy growing too brown or cooking away, a little beef stock may be added to the pan, and frequently a gill of cooking wine is added to the pan in the last 20 minutes of cooking, giving the gravy a delicious flavor.

When the roast is sufficiently cooked, remove it to a heated platter and make the gravy. First turn off the top grease from the liquid in the pan, and if there is not sufficient liquid left add a little stock. Lightly dredge the pan with flour and stir over a hot fire. Season with a spoonful of some sauce and more salt and pepper, if needed. Strain into a heated gravy boat and serve.

For a pot roast get a short, thick piece of the cross rib of the beef and lard it with little strips of clear fat pork. Put the pot in which the meat is to be cooked over the fire, and when it becomes hot put in the beef and brown it, turning the meat until every side is browned. Add half a dozen little onions, 2 tablespoonfuls of tomatoes, a bay leaf, a little chopped parsley, 3 cloves, a dozen whole black peppers, 3 garlic buds and a cup of stock. Place the pot where the meat will just steam and the liquid simmer for three hours, keeping the pot closely covered. One hour before serving add 2 carrots, sliced thin, and another cup of stock, if it is needed. Remove the meat when done to a heated platter and season the sauce with salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and rub it through a coarse sieve. Pour the sauce around the meat.



Dressing the Hair.

The medley of modes in hairdressing is a proof that women at least make an attempt to suit their coiffures to their heads. In the New York Sun are illustrated some of the present modes in coiffures. From this source it is learned



FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

that a pretty fashion for those who find it becoming is to wave the hair slightly all around and arrange a soft, twisted knot directly at the back, a little above the nape of the neck, and fasten it with a fancy pin. The mystery of fashionable hairdressing is solved at the hairdresser's, where there are all sorts of valuable aids in the form of off-sets to give the desired pompadour effects and help out the full puff at the sides so much in vogue. These cushions, with additional puffs and fancy combs, and for evening dress, other ornamental decorations, add to the size of the head, but that seems to be the one object fashion has in view this season. The pompadour effect is the style for evening dress, and the knot, which is arranged on the crown of the head, must not tower any higher than the front, the extra height being given by the feathers, aigrets and bows. The Marie Antoinette coiffure, arranged with a large bowknot at the back, is charming for some women, and little bowknots of gold or silver set with fancy stones are suitable ornaments. Mercury wings in spangled gauze or set with precious stones are very effective. A dainty decoration worn by young ladies is a narrow wreath of some fine flower around the back hair and fastened at the top with an upright bow of white satin ribbon. The fashion of waving the hair all around seems to have come to stay, but it must be done in the large, soft waves, not the close, crinkled ones of last season.

Silverware and Art Goods.

Silver fruit dishes with solid centers and pierced borders represent a favorite style.

Glass tea caddies, elaborately cut, with silver tops, present a change in this direction.

Silver wirework forms the latest edition of photograph holders.

Among modern table requisites are silver sardine trays and sardine forks.

Candles and shades and candelabra are included in dinner table decorations.

Silver toys for collectors are out in new designs and are notable for fine workmanship.

Receptacles for cold cream come in cut glass and are of low, round form. The covers are ornate affairs in gold or silver.—Jewelry Circular.

